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INSTRUCTOR IN ENGLISH, 1895-1911

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99

NATIVE LAND;

OR, THE

RETURN FROM SLAVERY.

**AN OPERA,
IN THREE ACTS.**

AS PERFORMED AT

THE THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,

WITH THE MOST UNBOUNDED APPLAUSE,

FEBRUARY 10, 1824.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

**FOUNDLING OF THE FOREST, ADRIAN AND ORILLA, ROYAL OAK,
DOUBTFUL SON, LADY AND THE DEVIL,**

&c. &c. &c.

London:

**PRINTED FOR R. S. KIRBY, 20, WARWICK-LANE,
PATERNOSTER-BOW,**

1824.

[Price 7s 6d Shillings and Sixpence.]

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May 24, 1912

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Aurelio di Montalto (a noble Genoese) Mr. SINCLAIR.
Guiseppe (a Senator) Mr. FARREN.
Tamcredi (a Naval Commander) Mr. COOPER.
Marcello Mr. DURUSET.
Peregrino (Valet to Aurelio) Mr. FAWCETT.
Jacomo Mr. BARNES.
Pierro Mr. MEARS.
Pantucchi Mr. EVANS.
Bonamo Mr. ATKINS.
Isidro Mr. HORREBOW.
Luigi Mr. HENRY.
Rocco Mr. RYALS.
Myrtillo (Page to Clymante) :... . Miss E. BODEN.
 Citizens, Guests, Captives, &c.
Clymante (betrothed to Aurelio) Miss PATON.
Biandina (disguised under the name }
 of Coelio) } Miss TREE.
Lavinia (Sister to Aurelio) Miss BEAUMONT.
Zanina (her Woman) Miss LOVE.
Bridemaid Miss HENRY.

Guests, &c. &c.

SCENE.—Genoa.

TIME.—From the Hour of Noon until a few Minutes beyond
the Midnight.

PREFACE.

THIS Opera has proved *completely successful*, fulfilling every purpose which could reasonably have been expected, either by an Author, or by the Proprietors of a Theatre. In its construction, it afforded amusement to certain idle hours, which otherwise might have hung wearily upon my hands; whilst in representation, I have reason to believe, it has entertained the Public: at least, if the hearty laughter and unanimous plaudits of very crowded Audiences, may be accepted as tests of popular satisfaction.

What further laudatory exordium can a Drama of this description either require or receive?

It has now been a *fashion* in this country, of nearly a century's growth, among the never-dying race of hyper-critics—those skilful masters of the ugliest art—to bastinado, be-pummel, and be-devil, without mercy or remorse, each devoted author of an *Opera*, purely upon the grounds of his not accomplishing objects which never were, nor ought to have been, within his contemplation to attempt.

These awfully erudite persons are for ever informing the obsequious town, “that such serious scenes and characters lack the due elevation and intenseness of *Tragedy*”—whilst “such humorous efforts are gross violations of Aristotelian rule, and incompatible with the refinement of perfect *Comedy*.” That is, they abuse an Opera because it is *not* that which it makes no pretension to be, and because it *is* precisely the very thing it calls itself.

English Opera was first established in public favour by Gay, somewhere about the year 1730, and ever since has maintained itself as a component and indispensable part of our Theatrical amusements.

It is somewhat too late, at the present day, to protest against the original propriety of this foreign

graft upon the stock of our Native Drama. Custom negatives the very agitation of such a question. Opera has naturalized itself upon our stage—has acquired there all the rights of citizenship in common with Melpomene and Thalia, and no Alien Act might *now* apply its enforcements against it with success. Neither is this species of Drama so absolute a nondescript as many petulant declaimers would fain represent it. Opera has its own *rules* of composition, which, at this time, are very tolerably established and defined. In its *Plot*, it may be either serious or sprightly, or it may combine both qualities, *ad libitum*, with just a sufficient interest to excite attention and to banish *ennui* during the necessary spaces between song and song, but never so vividly to stimulate the feelings of an Audience, as to make the recurrence of Music be felt as an impertinent interruption. The *Incidents* are not required to be strictly probable; nevertheless they certainly ought to be *just possible*, and at no time to degenerate into the downright extravagances of fantastic Melodrame or of buffoon Farce. The *Dialogue* should be unambitiously colloquial, yet raised above positive meanness; it should unfold whatever fable there may be, intelligibly, and come to the point with as much conciseness as possible—Above all, the MUSICAL SITUATIONS ought to spring with spontaneity out of the very necessities of the Scene; never betraying themselves to be labored introductions for the mere purpose of exhibiting vocal talent, but always to appear so many integral portions and indispensable continuations of the Story.

Such is my brief confession of Operatic Faith; and it is founded upon the most orthodox authorities of our Lyrical Drama, even from Gay the common ancestor, (beyond which date all records are mere '*Chaos and old Night*,') down to the most popular of my living contemporaries. Music must not be a mere embroidery upon the surface of the *piece*, liable to be picked out again at pleasure, but

actually woven up in the very woof of the web, and inextricable thence without destruction to the entire texture. If this creed be indeed the only true belief, and all others but so many deluding heresies, it follows as a consequence, that many a Drama may be so constructed, as to comprise twenty or thirty songs within its compass, yet be no *Opera*. O'Keeffe's humorous "*Fontainebleau*," and the exquisitely pathetic "*Inkle and Yarico*" of Mr. Colman, are instances in point. Each of these pieces has been *entitled* an '*Opera*,' by its Author, yet, as I think, improperly.

The *first* is an admirable *Farce*, protracted, but not assisted, by the airs scattered through its scenes; whilst the *latter* seems rather to belong to that MIXED DRAMA in the peculiar province of which the muse of Colman has *avowedly* chosen to gather such frequent and original laurels. As a proof of this assertion, '*Inkle and Yarico*' may be entirely divested of its lyrical portions (even as I have often seen it performed upon provincial stages), and without the addition of a single sentence to its dialogue, the story will remain intelligible and perspicuous to the most obtuse capacities. Such a Piece may be *better* than an *Opera*, nevertheless, '*Opera*' it is *not*.

NATIVE LAND had the advantage of an unusual combination of talent in its *Dramatis Personæ*. Few novelties, perhaps, have been recommended to the public by so much good acting. Where all are meritorious it may appear invidious to particularize an individual, yet I cannot reconcile myself to the omission of my *especial* acknowledgment to *Mr. Farren*, who had the *good nature* to accept a very indifferent part with cheerfulness, and afterwards the *good taste* to sustain it with the same degree of honourable exertion he could possibly have bestowed upon a character of the first importance. Many an Actor, without a tithe of Mr. Farren's genius, would not have done either the *one* or the *other*.

The various Merchants in Criticism, who deal either by the day or the week, have generally been favourable and obliging in their reports: there is one among their compliments, however, which *conscience* will not permit to accept without a comment.

A distinguished Authority * has been pleased to eulogize me highly upon the "poetical spirit in the Songs of this Opera." Few Authors are so remarkable for modesty, as to decline praises whether deserved or not, and I shall not offer the gross affectation of pretending in myself to be an exception from the general rule. But the same authority proceeds to say, "This circumstance deserves to be recorded on account of its *singularity*." Such a remark could only have escaped from so intelligent a Critic in a careless moment, since the *fact* is decidedly against him.

The Author of "*Cortez*" (the very opera which immediately preceded mine in date of production at the same Theatre,) presented the Public throughout the musical situations of his drama, with a series of beautiful little Poems, conceived in the purest taste, and ornamented by every touching grace of appropriate diction. To follow so recent an example may have been difficult, but to have forgotten it altogether, would have been dangerous.

WILLIAM DIMOND.

Feb. 19th, 1824.

* The Literary Chronicle.

NATIVE LAND:

OR, THE

RETURN FROM SLAVERY.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

(The Mole of Genoa—A Galley is working into Port—Citizens male and female anxiously press forward as the Curtain rises.)

Chorus of Citizens.

FROM burning Afric blows the gale,
From burning Afric speeds the sail,
O'er vanquish'd foes, and ransom'd slaves,
The red-cross flag triumphant waves.

(LAVINIA and ZANINA enter during Chorus closely veiled, followed at a distance by MARCELLO.)

DUO.—LAVINIA and ZANINA.

How beats my heart with hope—with fear—
It longs, yet dreads, to learn the tale;
Now kindly omens seem to cheer,
Now dark mistrust and fears prevail.

SOLO.—MARCELLO.

That sylph-like form—that graceful air—
It must be she—my conqu'ring fair!

(The different Forts salute the Galley as she anchors.)

Chorus of Citizens.

The anchor drops—she moors! she moors!
Hark! cannon roars around the bay;
The vollied joy incessant pours;
It thunders now—Huzza! Huzza!

(An old Citizen advances from the Crowd and anxiously accosts another Citizen.)

Old Man. Good neighbour! Is't indeed the vessel of the gallant Doria that anchors in our port?

Cit. It is the hero's own triumphant galley—the noblest spirits of Genoa man the deck—why, man, the conquered Tunisines have found them so—look! how beautifully the red-cross floats above the humbled crescent.

Old Man. But is it true all Christian captives have been surrendered by the Infidel?—and does yon blessed barque restore to Genoa her long lost sons?

Cit. Yes—Doria's cannon has burst the chains of his countrymen—not a Genoese is left in bondage.

Old Man. Blessed be the hero's name. Oh! Sir, I had a son in slavery—perchance he yet survives—think you is't possible yon galley—*(tremendous shouts are heard from the populace, and a boat is seen putting off from the galley.)*

Cit. Poor old man, you tremble, the crowd gathers fast about the landing place—here—lean upon this arm, I'll support you through the throng—*(Shouts continue—the crowd presses onward to meet the boat—Lavinia and Zanina remain upon the stage—they*

are closely followed by Marcello, who seems to reconnoitre their persons.)

Mar. Nay, Signora, you twist that spiteful veil around your charms in vain—though Cupid himself be blind, his sworn servants are a quick-sighted race, and unless the fair Lavinia di Montalto——

Lav. (*flinging aside the veil.*) A truce! She stands confessed before you—But do not address me, I beseech you, now; I have stolen abroad, without my guardian's knowledge, and if the hateful tyrant should discover us conversing——

[Zanina, looking out, screams.

Zan. Ah! talk of the Devil—'tis the old proverb verified—he's just upon us!—Draw your veil close, Signora, or we're undone.

Guiseppe crosses at the back of the stage, with breathless hurry, makes after the crowd, and disappears directly.

Mar. 'Tis in truth your venerable Argus—has he made a vow to St. Vitus?—Why he walks like an Englishman upon a wager.

Zan. Ah! 'tis a wicked speed—May the sciatica reward him for it. His errand to the port is for the same question as our own—he *fears* the answer—But we—oh yes—yes—we *hope*!

Lav. Oh! Marcello! if my noble brother should indeed survive.

Mar. How! you then expect that yonder galley—Yes, now I comprehend your feelings—

Zan. And my feelings, Signor; think what those must be! My mistress, indeed, must be anxious for her brother, but I have a *husband* at stake; every body remembers my poor Peregrino; the rogue had the handsomest leg in all Genoa.—(*Shouts again.*)

Mar. The boat has reached the landing place, the Commissioner of the republic now steps on shore, the name of every captive is registered upon his list, the anxious question in another moment must be solved.

The crowd re-enter---PANTFUCCHI, (the Commissioner) with difficulty forces his way through them to the front of the stage.

Pant. Stand off! ye ragamuffins—do you mean to stifle me! Stand off, I say!—Whew! This is warmer work than under the guns of the Goletta.
(Several voices together)---The names! the names! tell us the names!

Pant. *(Stretching out both arms to push them back.)* Fall back there! Form a circle! Give me space! *(he unfolds a scroll.)*

The Mob. Silence! silence! silence!

Pant. Knock that fellow down—If silence is not quieted, I shall never be heard—A-hem! “List of the Christian captives, natives of Genoa, redeemed by our victorious admiral.”

MARCELLO pushes forward, drawing LAVINIA after him, and gives a slip of paper to the Commissioner, on which she has hastily written with her pencil.

Mar. A lady claims precedence; Signor—is this name upon your list?

Pant. *(reading)* “*Aurelio di Montalto.*”—I have them alphabetically, let me search the letter *M.*

Gui. *(bursts from one of the side entrances.)* Give way! Tatterdemallions all! Room for a senator! *(he catches the Commissioner's arm while he searches.)* Signor Commissioner, forget every body's questions till you answer mine—Have you the name of *Aurelio di Montalto?*

A clamour rises at the opposite side entrance, as if from the mob resisting an intruder---at last CÆLIO, splendidly dressed, appears breaking through, and casting a handful of silver as he passes, to disperse the crowd.

Cælio. There's my passport! Save ye, good people, save ye, save ye. (*passes and catches the Commissioner's other arm rapidly.*) One name, my friend! Speak, but one,—*Aurelio di Montalto*.

Pant. Gad-a-mercy! Ladies—Senators—Cavaliers. The same watch-word serves for all. (*refers to the scroll, while the several interrogators wait in obvious anxiety for a reply.*) I have searched minutely, and the name of *Aurelio di Montalto* is not upon my list.

Lav. A brother then is lost to me for ever. (*aside*)

Gui. (*aside*) He's dead! he's dead! I breathe again.

Cælio. This is decisive, and my course is fixed.

Each of the parties appears variously agitated by the answer, and quit the stage immediately after—GUISEPPO and CÆLIO turn away with hurried steps, by the opposite sides, the same at which they had entered, and LAVINIA, leaning faintly upon ZANINA, retires behind.

Pant. What a coincidence! Most mysterious! I protest my faculties are quite *obfuscated*.

Woman (*pulling his sleeve.*) Come, come, the names! the names!

Mob. (*together.*) Aye, aye, the names!

Pant. No, I must re-consider before I communicate.

An huzza sounds without, and an exclamation is heard of "The Captives are landing;" immediately the Mob forsake the Commissioner and rush towards the call.

1st Cit. (*laughing*) Aye, take your own time, Signor Commissioner, for another boat now is at the landing place, and the Captives will declare themselves.

Pant. Eh! How! Who has presumed——

1st Cit. The gallant Doria has ordered it—oh! my countrymen! what a scene is this!—Sons restored to parents who had mourned them dead—Long parted wives and mistresses re-united to their early lovers—Anxious search and blissful recognition is in every eye—The certainty of happiness in every heart—They come! they come! forth with your wine flasks, neighbours, and weldome your wandering brethren to their native shores!

Several Captives enter and precipitate themselves into the embrace of different characters among the crowd.

Chorus of Redeemed Captives.

Rejoice! Rejoice! a wild and madd'ning joy,
Hearts, eyes and tongues, both old and young employ!
Ring bravely, bells! shout throats and never tire!
Guns, roar away! Hark! Hark! they ring! they fire!

The old Man who has appeared at the beginning of the Scene, is conspicuous among the group, restored to his Son—A matron who leads a child in either hand, recognises her husband, and presents the infants to him—Others bring forth flasks, and pledge recovered friends—Unbounded hilarity marks the picture as the Scene closes.

SCENE II. *A Chamber in Guiseppe's House.*

Enter LAVINIA.

Lav. Dear, ill-starred Aurelio! at last thy melancholy fate is ascertained, and this odious Guiseppe now may play the tyrant with impunity: alas! in that dear brother's grave, the latest of my protectors and my hopes lies buried.

Enter ZANINA.

Zan. (sobbing) Oh! oh! Signora, oh!

Lav. Be comforted, Zanina.

Zan. I can't—I won't be comforted—no case of human affliction was ever parallel to mine—Peregrino's not to be heard of.

Lav. My poor wench! I will not flatter you with hopes I cannot feel myself. Peregrino too certainly has shared his gallant master's destiny—You must learn to think of your husband as no more.

Zan. Pshaw! Signora—what signifies my *thinking* him dead, unless I could prove my misfortune to the world? It is the *uncertainty* that makes my case so vexatious; if I could only obtain legal evidence of being a disconsolate widow, I should bear my distresses with philosophy.

Lav. How! Zanina—I thought you had loved Peregrino too sincerely—

Zan. So I did, poor dear fellow! what a leg he had! and then his eye rolled with such a wicked twinkle!—though we did lead a queer cat-and-dog life while we were together, yet, had he returned to me, so great was my affection, I really don't think I should have quarrelled with him for a week afterwards.

Lav. Can you then contemplate the certainty of his loss without emotion?

Zan. Consider the delicate perplexity of my situation—I am, at present, neither wife nor widow—there's Bergamotti, the perfumer, a very likely young fellow, he'd marry me to-morrow, if I had merely an evidence of Peregrino's death—but as it is, fate deprives me of one husband without allowing me the consolation of another.—Now, this is a trial of the spirits, nature never could have intended for a woman in her bloom with sensibilities like mine.

Lav. Hark! I hear my Guardian in the portico.

Zan. The amorous old hypocrite! I warrant how

he'll squeeze a tear for the dead out of one eye, while he ogles the living with its fellow—'tis a promising courtship, truly—do you mean to compassionate his case, Signora?

Lav. I become the bride of Guiseppo! rather the tenant of a cloister.

Zan. Young Signor Marcello preserve you from becoming either—but it may not be politic to publish your aversion too suddenly—dissemble with your withered shepherd for the present—do you supply the sweets alone, and leave me to administer a corrective bitter—hush!—he's here!

Enter GUISEPPO.

Guis. Lavy! Lavy! where art thou, my drooping lily? Ah! melancholy news! Poor Aurelio! he's gone, gone,—what a calamity for us all! I protest, for my own part, though I was only his kinsman in the third degree, I feel upon the occasion exactly as if I had lost a——

Zan. Grandson,—quite natural that you should be shocked, Signor,—at your advanced age such an example must needs be awful; when manhood in its vigour falls, how should the decrepid elder hope to stand?

Guis. "Decrepid elder!" what's the senseless disagreeable baggage chattering about? No more such rhodomontade, Mrs. Malapert, I desire.

Lav. But, Sir, the fatal rumour is not quite, *quite* decisive,—though my brother's name does not appear upon the ransomed list, is it not possible that——

Guis. Ah! would that I could comfort thee with any hope,—but there's none, positively none,—he died under the guns of the Goletta,—but he had the consolation of knowing that his sister and his estate were left in the guardianship of an honest man. Don't weep, my little Lavy! remember I am now your only natural protector.

Lav. Nay, Sir, do not trouble yourself to explain

the extent of my misfortunes, I feel it but too sensibly.

Guis. Talk not of misfortune, when the happiest woman in Genoa might envy thy future lot. Ah! Lavy, Lavy, if thou wouldst only consent to—you know what I mean—one smile, and thou might'st command rank, precedence, equipage, jewels, riches, and above all——

Zan? (*Catching his arms behind him.*) A lover in his grand climacteric.—Look, Madam, here's shape and vigour.—Can you resist such a prepossessing youth?

Guis. (*struggling with her.*) Stand off! or I shall do thee some bodily damage.

Lav. Excuse me, Sir, if I decline this conversation for the present,—surely the accent of gallantry loses its music in the hour of grief; and while we mourn around the urn of so dear a relative, Cupid, if he venture nigh, should timidly wait with an inverted torch, not flash his playful fires in mockery of the dead.

Guis. I stand rebuked,—I was too precipitate,—but the ardour of my passion——

Zan. Ah! no wonder, for you have not much time to lose.

Guis. Thou infernal—but, Lavy,—only say thou permittest me to hope!

Lav. Signor, whilst allowed to cherish hope myself, I would not deny it to another.

[*Curtseys deeply, and exit.*]

Guis. What a pretty ambiguity! this may serve for the present, but I must make her speak plainer soon. That baggage might be useful—hem! Zani-na, come hither. (*beckons.*)

Zan. Thank ye—but I had rather stand where I am.

Guis. Come hither, I say,—closer to me.

Zan. Ah! if you intend to be rude, I'll alarm the family.

Guis. Rude, quotha! did you ever know me so frolicsome?

Zan. You elderly gentlemen have such vivacity, a prudent woman is always afraid of trusting you.

Guis. D'ye jeer me, hussey? Come hither, I say.

Zan. Well---I venture, (*she stands beside him,*) now remember that you conduct yourself with decorum.

Guis. Zanina! you're a sensible girl. I have a great regard for you, which I mean to prove some day or other. You have it in your power to oblige me.

Zan. Stop, Sir,—if you offend my morals I'll scream directly.

Guis. St. Anthony's imps meddle with thy morals for me.—No, no,—I've quite a different meaning,—hem! you have some influence with your mistress.—Can't you comprehend?

Zan. My faculties are out at sea in a fog, and unless you furnish a beacon they never can reach land.

Guis. (*Putting a ducat in her hand reluctantly.*) D'ye see clearer now?

Zan. Just a glimmering.

Guis. Now then, can't you speak in my favour to Lavinia?

Zan. (*gravely.*) That must be very difficult,—perhaps you can instruct me.

Guis. Pshaw! when you are in private together, can't you sometimes, as if by accident, hint to her a few of my good qualities?

Zan. (*Curtseying profoundly.*) I shall be proud to learn them, Signor.

Guis. Pish! you might easily recollect a few.

Zan. Since it is your desire, I'll endeavour to be ingenuous as well as descriptive.—Imprimis,—as to your person,—you are tremendously ancient, and, by common consent, the most ill-favoured old man in all Genoa.

Guis. Libellous cockatrice!

Zan. As nothing can be made of the person, I'll proceed to the mind; it's well known and authenticated qualities are—Avarice—Duplicity—Pride—Meanness—Vanity—Folly—Envy and Malice, in the foreground, with all the other deadly sins, and a score of lesser abominations to complete the picture.

You have sate for your portrait, Signor, and every body must confess the resemblance to be perfect.

Guis. Thou spawn of the original serpent, which the great flood hadn't time to wash away! give me back my ducat!

Zan. Excuse me there—I positively must keep the money, and I advise *you* to keep—

Guis. (in a rage) What?

Zan. Your temper—ha! ha! ha!

SONG.—ZANINA.

A cousin I have, Sir, a very young maid,
Who lives in the village hard by;
Two swains came a-wooing--both fain would persuade
Little Clara a husband to try.
The first of these lovers, a lowly-born youth,
No fortune could boast of, save honour and truth;
Yet his features were handsome, as handsome could be,
And most people thought him extremely like *me*.
The next was a signor, with bags full of gold,
But oh! he was monstrous ugly and old,

Like you.

Nay, never frown, Sir, I'm telling you true,
This very old fright was the image of you.

2.

Little Clara felt puzzled, which way to decide,
So she came, Sir, to me for advice;
She describ'd both the parties who wanted a bride,
Then I settled her doubts in a trice.
Says I, "My dear child, 'tis amazingly clear,
"That blossoms and buds suit the spring of the year:
"In May's merry sunshine how brightly they glow,
"But, ah! how they'd pine 'midst December's chill snow!
"The woodbine, that loves to gad frolic and free,
"Should twine its fresh sweets round some blooming young tree;
"Not clasp, against nature, decay'd shrivell'd trunks,
"Then, take a *young* bridegroom, and scout the old Hunks."
She took my advice—with the youth went to church,
And her shepherd of sixty she left in the lurch,

Like you;

I can't forbear laughing, excuse me, pray do,
But the old one, rejected, was very like *you*.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A corridor in the Palace of Tancredi, terminated by a stately staircase.*

Enter JACOMO and PIERO.

Jaco. Who can this dark-visaged stranger be? He's a Moor that's certain, yet we are ordered to receive him as a Christian and a friend—he carries authority in his air.

Pier. By the mass! he walks up and down the house, as if he were its master—how familiar too he shews himself—he opens this door—and that—and t'other—peeping into every chamber and closet, and smiles upon them like old acquaintances, just as though he had been busy at the building of each—You say, our Lord brought him in his galley from Tunis—think you he's a prisoner?

Jaco. No—some of the sailors conducted him to our gate—and it was Captain Tancredi's order that, until himself had landed, we should receive this stranger as his dearest friend.

A few notes are heard from a lute.

Pier. Hark ye there! he's preluding upon that lute, which our master holds as sacred as the reliques of a saint.

Jaco. Aye! 'tis that very lute which young Aurelio gave our lord, as a remembrance of him, when he sailed four years past for Tunis—hark again—

A voice accompanies the lute.

CAVATINA.—AURELIO.

Farewell! thou coast of glory,
Where dwell'd my sires of yore!
Their names, their martial story;
Your trophied tombs restore.

Jaco. By'r Lady! he sings that mournful lay, Aurelio composed upon the night of his departure——

Pier. Hush! it comes upon us—stand aside and mark him further——

Aurelio appears upon the stairs, his person disguised under the colour and habit of an Abyssinian; he bears a lute, and comes forward slowly to the symphony.

Farewell! thou clime of beauty!

Where blooms the maid I love:

Fond thoughts in pleasing duty

Around her ever rove!

What phrase to shape 'farewell' in

In vain this heart would tell.

Winds blow—white sails are swelling——

Oh! native land!——Farewell!

Aur. (*laying the lute upon the table*) Peace to thy gentle converse for awhile, thou faithful sad remembrancer of happier hours! heaven grant me but a living friend in Genoa who may greet me with a tone as little altered.

A joyful clamour sounds without. JACOMO comes forward.

Jaco. Signor Moor! the noble Tancredi this instant is returned to us.

Enter TANCREDI through an alley formed by his people. PEREGRINO follows him in the dress of a sailor.

Tan. There, there—you are excellent fellows all of you—We are right glad to meet each other on the ground of old Genoa once again—

(*Sees them about to speak*)

Yes, yes—I know all the kind things you wish to

say, and I believe them too without their being uttered—so there's a deal of trouble saved to both of us—

He spies Aurelio, exchanges a significant glance, and then turns rapidly to his servants.

Hark ye, my lads—clear the decks.

Jaco. Ah! my dear Lord, may not your people be permitted—

Tan. Any thing, except to talk more at present.

Jaco. Not talk? why I've carried you in my arms.

Tan. And so thou should'st again, old Truepenny, had I returned a cripple—Avast then, with fine speeches!—come, I've made the signal—crowd sail, d'ye hear?—(*aside to Peregrino*)—My friend, you drop anchor where you lay.

The domestics retire with inquisitive looks at the two strangers. Tancredi follows them to the entrance, and pauses a moment as if to ascertain their departure beyond ear-shot, then turns eagerly and snatches Aurelio's hand with fervour.

Tan. Now I may bid the friend of my heart, and childhood's mate, a free and glowing welcome—welcome, dear Aurelio! a thousand welcomes!

Aur. I feel your words, but cannot answer them! Ah! Tancredi, is it thus that I return to Genoa? All things have changed in this perfidious city except thyself.

Per. Why truly, Sir, if all our countrymen are altered in appearance as much as ourselves, we must expect to read an Ovid's Metamorphosis in every face we meet—look at these mustachios!

Tan. Ha! ha! no patriarchal goat ever flourished the honours of his chin more grimly. I was forced to disfigure the fellow's beauty, lest some of his former mistresses should claim him when he landed.—But now, dear Aurelio, to your affairs: dissolve this

mystery, and make your friend happy, by teaching him how he best may serve you.

Aur. Tancredi, when your conquering arm burst my fetters, you promised to preserve the secret of my existence from the world.

Tan. And I have kept my pledge inviolate—lodged in my own cabin during the voyage, and landed now under this impenetrable disguise, there is not a single Genoese who suspects the presence of Aurelio in his native city—but when is this concealment to end?

Aur. When the treachery of man is punished, and woman's perfidy unravelled—Oh, Tancredi! but four years since, when arms and glory called me from my home—oh—*then* what tongue might have predicted for Aurelio this return?

Tan. You would speak of your kinsman, that old oily-tongued senator Guiseppo! and of your pretty sister, whom you left in his charge?

Aur. Aye, of those—yet of *another*—one who—oh, distraction!

Tan. I guess the point you make for—she who four years past was left in Genoa your affianced bride—the beautiful Clymante—since, by her father's death, become the wealthiest heiress in our state—I well remember the marriage contract was signed and sealed the evening before that ill-starred expedition sailed.

Aur. My country's call alone could have summoned me from happiness so perfect.—To love and friendship I confided every thing,—those very bosoms have rejected and undone me.

Tan. Fair and softly there,—the world is never half so black as inconsiderate spleen chooses to paint it, and hang me if I suffer it to be abused till you have shewn me better cause for your ill-temper. Public rumour killed you under the guns of the *Goletta*—your family and your mistress mourned for you as dead.

Aur. Too well the traitors were convinced of my existence; repeatedly I found the means by letter to

apprize them that I languished away my youth in slavery; still my ransom was implored in vain—here, here, my friend, on these corroded wrists, through four forsaken years, a bondsman's badge was riveted.

Per. And my crocodile of a wife! never to think of her lord and master in his calamities---there's a flagitious woman!

Tan. If knavery has really been afoot, my life upon't Guiseppo proves the traitor---I never can believe, your sister---

Aur. Ah! the ingratitude of relations is but an inferior care. Clymante's falsehood racks me with far keener pangs---have you not already told me that her hand---mine by contract, mine by a thousand vows---that faithless hand! is promised to another?

Tan. Nay, I simply repeated to you the common gossip of the city when I left it.

Aur. But you credited the rumour?

Tan. I'll not deceive you,—there is a mystery about Clymante's conduct, which I find difficult to explain to her advantage. When first your death was reported, she mourned you truly with a widow's woe,—her pallid cheek and faded form, were evidence for her sincerity. In vain her father pressed her to a second choice. Aurelio, even in his fancied ashes, permitted not a rival. At the end of three years, the good old Signor died, but by a curious testament, inexorably condemned his heiress, within a precise twelvemonth from his decease, either to enter the pale of matrimony, or to forfeit the bulk of her possessions to the church.

Aur. And has she sacrificed for sordid interest—

Per. Oh! it's the way of them all!

Tan. Hold! hear all, before you judge her,—the bravest and the best of Genoa knelt at Clymante's feet in vain,—her constancy appeared impregnable, till three months since a young adventurer arrived from Corsica.—Presto,—he comes,—he looks,—he conquers!

Per. Lord! Lord!—what a devil of a fellow! I hope my wife hasn't seen him.

Tan. In the astonished face of Genoa, your mistress strikes her colours at the first shot this rascally pinnacle fires,—he lives in her palace,—escorts her every where in public,—and yesterday, it seems, was announced to the Doge himself, as her accepted lover.

Tan. Speak,---is he worthy of her love?

Aur. There's the mystery,---this fellow is the merest coxcomb---the veriest popinjay! 'Sdeath! that a creature worthy to be wooed by men, should be won at last by a man's counterfeit! I could strangle the little villain for the very impudence of his success.

Aur. And can Clymante,---*my* Clymante, be abased to this?

Tan. I know not what to think,---mean you to see her?

Aur. Aye, and probe the false one's inmost soul. Shrouded still beneath this habit, it is my purpose, unsuspected to approach her, and penetrate, if possible, the arts which have undone me.

Per. I have my disguise and my plot, and my catastrophe *in petto*, as well as your Lordship. You have a mistress, I have a wife to reconnoitre,

Aur. True; under Guiseppe's roof you may arrive at discoveries useful to my scheme,---but be cautious of my secret.

Enter JACOPO.

Jaco. Your lordship must pardon your humble servant that intrudes.---We have at our gate the gay equipage of the Cavalier Cœlio, with half Genoa following at his heels,---he knows of your lordship's arrival, and is importunate to be received.

Tan. (*Aside to Aurelio.*) 'Tis the very spark in question,---the gallant,---your rival.---Can you command yourself if I admit him?

Aur. Doubt not my philosophy---Let me behold

this happy, this triumphant—nay—nay—I *will* be calm—believe it, friend, I *will*—admit him.

[*Walks up the stage in agitation.*]

Tan. (to *Jac.*) Usher the Cavalier with all your ceremonies hither.

[*Exit JACOMO.*]

Per. While your lordships commence operations in this quarter, suppose I open the campaign nearer home! I'm all on fire for a connubial tête-à-tête.

Tan. Peregrino! if thy spouse should be found an inconstant like her betters?

Per. Then I'll treat her as your lordship did the chebeque we met at sea, that had the plague on board; heave over to her what provisions I can spare, but suffer no communication. Then, if she attempt to grapple, pour a broadside into her, that shall cure the plague and the wife, by sending them both to the bottom together.

[*Exit.*]

(*Cælio is heard singing a quick air as he approaches.*)

Tan. Collect yourself; meet the coxcomb with composure.

Aur. Never fear me.

(*Enter CÆLIO, ushered in by the domestics.*)

Cæl. (*Speaking as he enters.*)—Harkye! let my equipage wait, and bid my rascals indulge the vulgar with a stare.—Ah! Tancredi! my prince of conquerors! yours—yours—to the very ground.

Tan. I am flattered, Signor, by this early visit.

Cæl. Oh, it was impossible to avoid it—you are the popular man—nobody else talked of in Genoa—people say you struck off fifty turbans with your own hand. A battle must certainly be a glorious thing. But you don't smell of gunpowder.

Tan. 'Tis to be lamented, Signor, that so fine a gentleman as yourself had not partaken of our victory.

Cæl. Why, at one time I had half a design that way; laurels are so devilish ornamental;—then to be huzzaed as a General must be excessively divert-

ing ;—but I had several objections ; the smell of pitch and tar is my aversion—the Moors must be very disagreeable persons ; and the women don't shew their faces in Barbary ; besides, I had really so many little delicate arrangements upon my hands. You understand me ?

Tan. Gallantry, I presume ?

Cæ. 'Faith you have it ! Mars was obliged to yield to Venus. Your women here are such silly creatures ; they quarrel so confoundedly on my account ; now, for my own poor part, to speak ingeniously, I never could discover what it was about me that could please 'em. Can you ?

Tan. Oh ! excuse me on so nice a question.

Cæ. Nay, I wish you to be candid ; if you can detect any thing particular about my person I shall be delighted to learn : perhaps there is something *naïve* in my motion, or *recherche* in my dress.

Tan. Your tailor must certainly be a genius.

Cæ. Ah ! you have found it then ! Well, pronounce your judgment. You are still in doubt ! Come, review me critically, from the plume fluttering in my bonnet, to the rosette that sparkles on my shoe.

SONG.—CÆLIO.

Is 't art, I pray, or nature,
Mere dress, or shape, or feature,
Makes me the darling creature,
Of woman, fair or brown ?
I swear, I use no wile
Their fancies to beguile,
Yet, 'faith ! by Cupid's smile,
I carry half the town.

Such melting sighs address me,
Such soft sly fingers press me—
And ah ! such *lips* caress me,
Resist their touch who can ?
What cause—I dare not say—
But fame, (do what I may)
Proclaims me, *tout au fait*,
The ladies' perfect man !

AURELIO has retired to the back of the stage to conceal his emotion upon CÆLIO's first appearance, whence he has occasionally observed the action of the scene; he now advances.

Aur. (aside.)—Shades of our fathers! is this unworthy minion the rival who supplants me? My indignation will betray me.

Cæl. Eh! an importation from Barbary, I presume, Captain; some curious specimen of the unbelieving race; designed for our museums or our galleys, eh?

Tan. Hush! he understands our language. Signor Cælio, in this distinguished foreigner let me commend to you one of my most estimated friends.

Cæl. Delightful! you could not have obliged me more. Novelty is my eternal passion, and I never made acquaintance with a black before. (*Crosses to him.*) Sir Stranger, accept my devoirs; we must be very intimate. A native of Tunis?

Aur. No, Signor, Abyssinia is my country.

Cæl. Oh! I have read of it in travels. Yours is the land where the beef-steaks grow ready-dressed.

Aur. The remote region which gave me birth, in many of its products, resembles your polished Europe; its *women*, for an instance; they wear the angels' primitive likeness, their eyes seem heaven reflected in the clearest glass, and from their lips religious music flows; yet these persuading creatures are but mockery; when they smile they mean to ruin, and while their vows are breathing, plot to be forsworn.

Cæl. Excellent! I doat upon satire to distraction! So much for the ladies. Go on, I beseech you; what are your *men* in Abyssinia?

Aur. Again, like some I have already found in Genoa---*reptiles.* (*turns scornfully away.*)

Cæl. (aside to Tan.) What an entertaining savage! Where was he caught?

Tan. I found him a captive among the infidels.

For four years my friend had worn their chains, in common with our countrymen.

Cæ. I vow I could divert myself with such an original all day—But I mustn't forget the purpose of my visit—Tancredi—will you attend my execution?

Tan. For what offence are you to suffer?

Cæ. The greatest which a young fellow of spirit can commit against common sense, *matrimony*.

Tan. Matrimony!

Cæ. Aye, you may well be astonished; but positively I couldn't avoid it; the poor girl was so distractedly fond, that I parted with my liberty out of pure compassion—yes, all's settled, and in a few hours I marry *Clymante*.

[AURELIO starts violently.]

Cæ. (*Starting with surprise.*)—Lud! what a terrifying man—What's the matter with him?

Tan. You must excuse him, he is often thus—a disappointed passion in his early youth—

Cæ. I understand—Poor devil! I pity him; but really, he ought to give his friends notice when he feels the fit coming on. By-the-bye, let me ask you—when at Tunis, heard you any thing of that Quixotte youth—he who chose, four years ago, to run his head against the walls of the Goletta?—that Signor, what's his name? I've heard you once were intimate—Oh! I have it, Aurelio di Montalto.

Tan. That name is no longer borne by any of my living friends; had it been otherwise, Signor, you might have feared a dangerous rival.

Cæ. No! positively, you mistake—Clymante might have fancied the poor fellow a little, *once*—but look at me—and then decide, whether a woman could possibly hesitate between us?

Tan. Ha, ha, ha! I confess the comparison would be difficult.

Cæ. Well then, may I expect you in the evening?

Tan. If the fair Clymante and yourself insist upon my presence—

Cœl. Peremptorily we do—and your sable friend, will he accompany you?

Tan. I cannot answer for another—his own feelings must in all things determine for my friend.

Aur. (*speaking abruptly.*)—His resolution is already formed—Young Signor, it is my purpose to be present at your nuptials.

Cœl. What a frank, natural creature it is!—Can't you amuse me with the history of his disastrous love?

Tan. Excuse me, I must dispatch a messenger to the admiral, which scarcely may admit delay. If I leave you a few minutes with my friend you may engage his confidence yourself. [*Exit.*]

Aur. (*aside.*) 'Sdeath! this insignificant trifler to presume—

Cœl. (*Advancing with familiarity.*) My dear, dark, new acquaintance, you have suffered, as I take it, from an affair of the heart. I have an immense experience in cases of this nature. Be confidential with me; my advice may be of service.

Aur. My misfortunes, Signor, are darker even than my features; seek not to penetrate their hopeless gloom.

Cœl. Nay, but griefs are lightened by communication.

Aur. Beware! the withering victim of a pestilence but poisons those that touch him! yet draws no healing virtue in return.

Cœl. But merely the outline of your story—I'll be secret as the inquisition.

Aur. And ingenious as its tortures. Well, Signor, to the question—the victim writhes upon the rack—but no matter—his confession is extorted!

DUETTO.—AURELIO and CÆLIO.

Cælio. Sir Stranger! turn, thy sorrows tell;

Aur. Love is my grief—I lov'd too well.

Cælio. Did she you love, ne'er love again?

Aur. Not so—and yet I love in vain.

Cælio. What piteous cross hath marr'd thy fate ?

Aur. A rival's fraud, a kinsman's hate !

Both. Ah me ! that true love's course should run
O'er rocks and sands uneven ;
At morn reflect the brilliant sun,
At noon a clouded heaven !
Ah me ! ah me !

Cælio. Love, had he eyes, might weep to view
The wreck of hearts, so fond, so true ;

Aur. The God is blind, and ne'er may know
The mischief scatter'd from his bow.

Cælio. Time an oblivious balm imparts—

Aur. Time *soothes*, but *heals* not stricken hearts.

Both. Ah me ! that years should fail to cure
The wound a moment gave,
And chains, slipt on in sport, endure,
To break but in the grave.

Ah me ! ah me !

[*Exeunt, opposite sides.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

*The raised Garden upon the roof of Clymante's Palace—
—it terminates with a low gilded railing—beyond
which, the open space of the street is presumed—
Steeple, turrets, and the roofs of very lofty buildings
crowd in the perspective—Two Gardeners are dis-
covered placing flowers, &c. &c.*

1st Gard. By the mass! Bernardo, the breeze blows comfortably off the sea, else had we melted at our work—Now the sun has turned away from us, range those exotics under the lemon tree—nay, stir quickly for't, it is our lady's hour of walking here.

2d Gard. Peace, she is here already.

Enter CLYMANTE.

Cly. Retire, good fellows—Soon as the Signor Cœlio returns, let him be apprized that I await him here.

[Exeunt Gardeners.]

How painful are these moments of suspense! It was scarcely noon when Cœlio left me, and now the sun has far descended towards the west—With what a soft and lulling murmur the distant wave curls idly to the shore! the wind, too, breathes with a healthful freshness, and as it scatters the pomegranate blossoms round me, my woe-worn spirit stirs, it knows not why, and wakes again to hope.

POLACCA.—CLYMANTE.

A dream of bright illusion,
Now visits this dark breast;
Ah! let not Truth's intrusion
Too rudely scare the guest!

Yes ! laurels the brow of my hero adorning,
 Hope proudly pourtrays him in Victory's car,
 All-shining with spoils of the terrible war !
 He comes like the Morning,
 O'er Apennine rising—
 When darkness surprising,
 Light strikes from afar !

Enter CÆLIO.

Cæl. (Speaking as he enters.) Remain below, I can seek your lady without ceremony—My dear Clymante !

Cly. Ah ! returned at last—Your looks are full of meaning, yet I fear to read them—What are your tidings ? Nay, pronounce them—Whatever be my sentence, I have taught myself to bear it.

Cæl. Alas ! my poor Clymante.

Cly. Enough ! Aurelio's death is then confirmed.

Cæl. Not so ; the proofs of it are yet deficient. Your lover certainly survived the battle, in which report at first had slain him, and for a while shared the horrors of a dungeon, with many of his captured countrymen—removed afterwards to some inland fortress, all knowledge of his fate became obscured, and when the infidels, upon their late defeat, surrendered all subjects of the republic to our admiral, Aurelio was not numbered among the trophies of his victory.

Cly. Then too surely he is dead ! Oh ! cousin, pity and console me !—(*leans upon his shoulder, and weeps.*)

Cæl. Nay, nay, I must not see you weep.—Consider, this is no new or sudden cause of grief, and tears were idle now ; come, recover yourself—I vow I won't marry you with red eyes.

Cly. How can you rally me on such a subject !

Cæl. Because raillery is good for your complaint—You have worn the willow for your lost lover, with fidelity, four long years ; but I will not suffer you to twist the cypress with it.—No, dear Clymante, you must live—if not for love, for friendship ! Remember,

to-morrow is the last of the ides of March, when, as your father's notable will prescribes, either you take unto yourself a lord and master, or forfeit every thing except your charms and virtues—Well, cousin—speak! am I to be the man?—Nay, I'll not be answered with that scornful lip—A'n't I a real proper fellow for the purpose?

Cly. Will nothing make you serious?

Cæ. Why, if matrimony won't, the case is desperate. Never frown upon me, gentle coz! I am a giddy, unreflecting creature, but you know I love you. Didn't I at the first hint of your distress, forsake my country, and abjure my sex, to do you service? tolerable proofs of affection both—for I assure you, the real Biondina left as many lovers in Corsica, as 'ever the pretended Cælio came to scare away at Genoa.

Cly. Ah! I know and feel your kindness—yet, dear coz, at times your levity—

Cæ. It shall offend no more—if ever my random speech vibrate too rudely on a tender chord, think of it, sweet coz, but as the sportive breeze that shakes a lily after showers have bathed it—just to relieve its brimming cup from drops which else might weigh too heavily for the fragile stem that bears it.

DUETTO.—CLYMANTE, CÆLIO.—

Lo! when showers descending
Weigh the lily's crest,
How its frail cup, bending,
Seems with wo oppress:
Drops on drops assail her,
Whelm each lucid leaf;
The pale flow'r grows yet paler,
Lost in hopeless grief.

(*Allegro.*)

Zephyr lightly sweeping
O'er the blooming plain,
Spies that lily weeping,
Newly wash'd with rain:

Fondly bends he o'er it,
Blowing drops away,
With a kiss restores it,
Lady of the May!

Enter a DOMESTIC.

Dom. The Lady Lavinia's woman waits with a message from her mistress.

Cly. Conduct her hither. (*Exit Domestic.*) I forgot to mention to you, that I invited Lavinia to attend our——what shall I call the mockery? well——our *nuptials*.—I could not avoid this compliment to the relatives of my poor Aurelio, yet their presence will be an added trial to my feelings.

Enter ZANINA.

Zan. I am your ladyship's most obsequious and devoted servant. My mistress charges me with all manner of congratulations, and bids me say, herself and the Signor Guiseppo will assuredly obey your ladyship's summons. Indeed, it so happens, the whole family is quite disengaged this evening.—(*aside.*)—I hope she will take the hint and ask me.

Cly. Lavinia ever was obliging to her friend.

Zan. Why as to that; my lady, any body must like to be asked to a wedding—at least, *I* should—(*aside.*) Lord! how dull she is!—I recollect, my lady, when you were to have been married four years ago—in the old Count, your father's time. What preparations *then* were made in his palace! I believe, my lady, I was to have made one at that party—I mean in the servant's hall—(*aside.*)—She must take *that*.

Clym. You remind me of a period it is my wish at present to forget.

Zan. To be sure, my lady, that was an unlucky time for both of us, and it's quite proper to forget

now. I suppose, my lady, that's the new intended bridegroom? (*points to Cælio, who is walking apart near the railing towards the street.*)

[CLYMANTE coldly bows her assent.]

Zan. Well, I vow, your ladyship sets me a good example—where's the use of grieving, and grieving in our prime of life? If one man's lost, another may be found; that's my maxim. But I am not so fortunate as your ladyship—Nobody yet instead of poor Peregrino!—but I dare say, the young gentleman yonder will make your ladyship just as happy, as if Lord Aurelio had lived to marry you himself.

Cly. (*Aside.*) The babble of this unfeeling creature will distract me, if I endure it longer! I will but pen a billet to your mistress, and return directly.

[Exit CLYMANTE.]

Zan. (*After pertly reconnoitring Cælio.*) Umph! that ever my Lady Clymante should fix her choice upon such a morsel of a man as that! Bergamotti the perfumer would make two of him. Well, though I am but a serving-woman, I have a nicer judgment in certain matters than my betters.

Cæli. (*Aside.*) That gipsy is certainly sneering at me—Odds! my manhood! I must pluck up a cavalier's spirit in time.—(*Comes sauntering forward, pointing his glass at ZANINA.*)—How d'ye, child, how d'ye?

Zan. What does the little whippersnapper want?

Cæli. Eh! umph! yes, positively, my dear, you are devilish pretty.

Zan. Thankye, Sir.---(*Aside.*) Though he is undersized, really his manners are very agreeable.

Cæli. (*still spying at a distance.*) Your waist so tight; your limbs so neatly put together.

Zan. Lud-a-mercy!

Cæli. (*advancing gradually as he speaks.*) Then your face! it isn't regularly handsome; no, but the expression of it is so naïve, so peculiar, so out of the every-day, that positively, child, I feel compelled to—(*Kisses her suddenly.*)

Zan. (*pretending to wipe her lips in anger.*) Well!

who could have thought so small a man had such a spirit! Lud, Signor, I'm not a person to be rumbled and tumbled in such a manner! Just on the point of your marriage too! Isn't one lady at a time sufficient for you?

Cæl. No, child, I've a devouring appetite for the whole sex.

Zan. Oh! the unconscionable little Turk!

Cæl. And such is my temptation at this moment, that I swear by all the gods and goddesses—
(*Catching hold of her.*)

Zan. Ah! I'll scream! I'll---(*he kisses her again; she breaks from him, affecting great indignation.*)—For shame, Signor! you have given me such a fluster! your kisses are quite disagreeable to me.

Cæl. Then give them to me again, my dear.

Zan. (*aside.*) Lud! he's a delicious little devil!

DUET.—CÆLIO, ZANINA.

Cæl. Oh! by that blue eye's roguish brightness!

Zan. To mine, Sir, I trust you don't allude:

Cæl. And by that forehead's dazzling whiteness,—

Zan. Now, Sir, I vow you're downright rude.

Cæl. Oh! by those lips of parted roses!

Zan. Touch, if you dare; I won't be kiss'd:

Cæl. And by the pearls that mouth discloses!—

Zan. Spite of my teeth he will persist.

Cæl. Hist! here's a purse cries, "Love me, pray!"

Zan. Virtue, triumphant, answers, Nay.

Cæl. Will you? Will you? Will you?

Zan. Nay! Nay! Nay!

2.

Cæl. Ducats are clinking—Gipsy, hear 'em.

Zan. They scarce, at this distance, sound like gold.

Cæl. Prithee, my wagtail, venture near 'em;

Zan. Lud! Sir, I dare not,—you're so bold.

Cæl. Catch 'em, and count 'em; then prove tender.

Zan. Ah! pretty goldfinches! how they sing;

Cæl. Notes, such as theirs, bid maids surrender;

Zan. Or, keep their freedom, and take wing!

Cæl. One kiss for my purse at parting, pray!

Zan. Virtue, triumphant, answers, Nay.

Cæl. Will you? Will you? Will you?

Zan. Nay! Nay! Nay!

SCENE II.—*A Chamber at Guiseppo's.**Enter GUISEPPPO.*

Guis. It is a blessing that I've a sweet temper, or I ought to be the most provoked man in all Genoa. Here do I make inquiries from morning till night; every body tells me "they believe Aurelio to be dead," yet nobody will swear to it; such uncharitable obstinacy! when an oath would be of such service to a friend, without a jot of trouble to themselves! Ah! if that one little doubt could only be changed into a certainty, I were a happy man; as next of kin, I slip myself at once into all the lands and dignities, besides being ridded for ever of sundry frightful qualms. Had the young firedrake returned with this morning's re-imported cargo of live stock, and had he detected the contrivance by which his letters to Clymante have been intercepted---St. Anthony strengthen me! I don't like to meditate upon such ugly consequences!----Well, only let me put on mourning by authority, then, hey for a wedding-suit, and a buxom young bride in her teens!

SONG.—GUISEPPPO.

By pert younkers I am told,
 "Man at sixty waxeth old:"
 Pish and pshaw! for gibes and jeers,
 Vigour contradicts such sneers.
 Crows-feet come—just one or so—
 Yet my own feet firmer grow.
 Here and there, if teeth be gone,
 'Faith! my colt's-tooth is not one.

2.

Though these brows be lac'd with snow,
 Summer's heat beneath may glow;
 Ætna's pate, like mine, is lost
 In eternal wreaths of frost;
 Yet, within dwell ruddy fires;
 Type of mine, and love's desires;
 While around, deep-blushing, twine
 Clusters of the fruitful vine.

3.

Venus ! cast to ranting boys,
 Roses, lilies, and such toys,
 Flowers, like youth, which bloom to-day,
 And to-morrow show decay ;
 But to *me* thy myrtle give,
 That on Winter's brow dare live :
 Myrtles here were fitly seen,
I, like them, am evergreen.

Enter LAVINIA.

Lav. Oh ! Guardian, I have just been so astonished ! such an unexpected arrival !

Guis. (*alarmed.*) Arrival ! eh ! how ! who has arrived ?

Lav. One redeemed from slavery at Tunis.

Guis. Don't agitate me ! I'm on the rack !——

Lav. 'Tis even poor Peregrino.

Guis. I shall expire——with joy I mean——and his master ?

Lav. Alas ! of him no tidings.

Guis. (*aside.*) I breathe again.

Lav. Why, Guardian, my news has strangely discomposed you.

Guis. Yes, Lavy, a little fluttered by so sudden——but where is he?—-the dear interesting sufferer.

Lav. He discovered himself to me in the hall---but so altered---such an object!---I told the poor wretch to follow me---and look ! here he comes hobbling towards us.

Enter PEREGRINO, as an invalided soldier, with a wooden leg, a loose sleeve, and a black band over one of his eyes ; he hobbles upon a crutch, keeping military time, and singing---

Per. " March away, merry boys, at the beat of

the drum."--(*shoulders his crutch.*)--Signor Guiseppo, a salute to your Excellency, and hurrah! for old Genoa, once again!

Gui. (*astonished.*) In the name of all that's marvellous! can this be Peregrino?

Per. Your Excellency's and his country's ever to command.

Gui. In what a calamitous condition hast thou returned! Peregrino—one word—you see my emotion—my beloved kinsman, is there a hope?—can it be possible?—speak.

Per. Oh! oh! forgive these tears—confined in separate dungeons---inquiries all in vain---fate uncertain---but alas! too probable.

Gui. (*embracing him in ecstasy.*) Oh! this conviction---I can't support it. Not another word, my faithful fellow---hereafter we'll mingle our tears in sympathy--but no more at present---tell us, how did you become this deplorable figure?

Per. Ha! "*la fortune de la guerre,*" as the Frenchman has it---The infidels have peppered me.

Lav. Was it in battle then, Peregrino, that you suffered?

Per. Aye, Lady, in a glorious though disastrous field, where not a lost limb of me but required fifty turbans for its monument---I'll amuse your ladyship with the manner of it. The army had formed at sunrise in front of the Goletta. My master's battalion posted in the van---the infidels, entrenched up to their very chins, awaited the attack---three batteries of forty heavy pieces each supported their position, which, out of their abominations, they had named the roaring lion, the fiery dragon, and the crocodile,

Gui. God-a-mercy! what a heathenish christening!

Per. Well, my lady, "*Old Genoa and forwards,*" was the cry---the colours fluttered gallantly---drums rolled a merry rub-a-dub, and on marched the *sprightly* lads of Italy. Two hundred paces taken in quick time brought us within pistol shot of the infidel lines, then burst the hurry-durry of the war---

whiz! pop! flash! bang! in an instant fire, smoke, and slaughter was the game with all---death played at bowls, and down went men like ninepins!

Gui. Truly, an edifying pastime!

Per. "Eyes right," cried the sergeant, through a cloud of smoke; as I turned, a cursed grape-shot from the "roaring lion," demolished this ogler in the very act of its discipline---I changed step and turned for my revenge upon t'other side, when suddenly the "fiery dragon" opened from the left and struck this arm with a cannon-ball! Nothing discountenanced by the accident, "It isn't my sword-arm," I cried, "I can flourish a rapier for my country still." I shook the vengeful steel aloft, and Mahomet trembled in his hiding place!--just then, a shell exploded from the "crocodile," and shattered this leg---thus, a coup-de-grace was given to my prowess, as well as to the fortunes of my country---Peregrino fell, the Moors shouted "Victory," and Genoa lost the day!

Gui. So, the roaring lion snapped up your eye, a fiery dragon made free with an arm, and the crocodile ran away with your leg! Poor Peregrino! how the carnivorous animals have mauled thee between them!

Per. Aye, a few of the outworks demolished, but the citadel itself remains untouched---my heart is sound as ever---true to honour and glowing with love! Now tell me of Zanina---tell me, Signora, of that fond, faithful, affectionate---

Lav. You will see her very shortly---but I fear your appearance will shock her sadly.

Per. Yes, the enthusiasm of her joy will doubtless be violent at first---(*Zanina sings without*)---That's her voice---blessings on the shrill remembrancer! Let me fly to her embrace.

Gui. Hobble, you mean; the crocodile has spoiled your flying.

Lav. No, no---Peregrino, you must not meet the poor girl so abruptly---we must first prepare her to receive you.

Per. True, Signora; sudden joy is apt to be hya-

terical—well, I'll wait in the ante-room for your summons—(*Zanina sings nearer*) Oh! that piercing note!

Gui. What, you remember your wife's voice?

Per. Did you ever know a married man who could forget it? Ah! Signor, only a bachelor would have asked that question. Cry "hem," my lady, when I may appear—think of my impatience!

Lav. Away, away.

PEREGRINO retires as ZANINA enters from the opposite side, with a dancing step.

Zan. Ah! Signora—I am returned in such a profusion of spirits! Lady Clymante is a happy woman—that young Signor from Corsica, I could really fancy him for myself—Oh! he's a delightful little devil.

Guis. Hey-day! why, hussey, 'twas but yesterday, you told me a little man was your abomination.

Zan. Well, this young gentleman, I confess it, is small; but then, what there is of him is good. Then he's so agreeably impudent with his arms—and then he takes a kiss with such elegant good-breeding.

Lav. How! did you suffer a kiss, Zanina?

Zan. There was no *suffering* in the case, my lady; it was quite a *pleasure*—Pray, Ma'am, haven't my eyes an extraordinary sparkle to-day? Certain it is, I have played the very devil with the fellows—returning from the Signor, who should I meet? But Bergamotti the perfumer, and, ha! ha! ha! would you think it, Ma'am—he! he! the particular question has been popped at last—There's an affair!

Lav. Zanina! this levity is unbecoming.

Zan. Save us, Signora!—how serious you look—has anything happened?

Guis. We must prepare you—a circumstance has occurred during your absence—

Zan. What? any accident to my new pink silk mantua?

Lav. An affair of far greater consequence to your quiet.

Zan. Then it must be awful indeed! Speak, Signora, speak!

Lav. Your husband—Peregrino—

Zan. (*Screams.*) Ah! I guess my misfortune,—I am a widow! Pardon me, Signora, if I take a chair before you proceed! (*sits herself, and draws out her handkerchief.*) Now I am prepared to hear the melancholy tale.

Lav. You mistake,—Peregrino is still alive.

Zan. Alive!

Guis. Aye! and merry,—and in this very house.

Zan. (*Starts up.*) The dear, handsome, engaging rogue! Where is he? why doesn't he fly to my arms?

Lav. Hold,—you must prepare yourself to meet a different Peregrino from the blooming youth of your recollections.

Zan. What! has the villain been perfidious to me?

Guis. No, no, poor fellow, you will find his heart unaltered; but alas! his person—

Zan. That's all I loved him for,—what of his person?

Guis. Oh! the carnal-minded baggage!—why there's no doubt you'll still find him very attractive,—but the fact is, thy husband is a *soldier*, my wench, and now the wars are over, his person, like his pay, is upon the *reduced establishment*,—that is, it hath undergone sundry awkward mutilations.

Zan. Ah! I shall die upon the spot. I never could abide a mutilated man.

Lav. Nay, but Zanina—

Zan. It's impossible,—keep him from me, Signor, I beseech you!

Lav. This is unworthy of you, and I must insist—

Zan. Well, Signora, if it must be so,—tell me the extent of my misfortune.—What is it my husband has lost?

Guis. Why, unfortunately, you must be told, that one of his eyes,——

Zan. An eye! ah! what a calamity! those eyes that sparkled so roguishly! However, I'll exert my fortitude.—Yes, since it's *only* an eye, I am reconciled to the affliction.

Lav. In addition to which,—his left arm——

Zan. How! an eye *and* an arm!

Guis. *Item* the third,—his right leg.

Zan. Eyes! arms!! and legs!!!—tell me, in brief, how much of a husband is left for me?

Lav. His affectionate and faithful heart returns entire.

Zan. A fiddlestick's end for his heart without his arms and legs,—what's to be done with him? where does he intend to go?

Lav. Where should he, but to the consoling bosom of his wife?

Guis. I'll give him the summons. (*he hems.*)

Per. (*hems very loud from behind.*)

Lav. Hark! the poor fellow is impatient,—for shame, Zanina,—nay, you must, you shall receive him.

Zan. Oh! I'm a miserable woman—(*throws herself into a chair, and covers her face with both hands.*)

Guis. Ahem!—I say,—hem!

Enter PEREGRINO.

Per. Peregrino comes to claim his darling Zanina. Oh! Zanina.

Guis. Yonder the interesting creature sits,—subdued by grief at the recital of your sufferings.

Per. A kiss of her pouting lips shall pay me for them all! (*pushing towards her,—she screams violently without turning her head.*)

Zan. Ah! keep him from me, Signora.—I shall die if I am touched.

Guis. A little delirious or so with sudden joy, to her, man!

Per. (*coaxing over her chair.*) Zanina, won't you give me your hand?

Zan. (*pettishly and not looking up.*) Have you a hand to take it with?

Per. (*clutching it boisterously.*) The grasp of a man of war, my girl!

Zan. Ya—h! he'll murder my fingers.

Guis. Ha! ha! ha! Thou seest, Zanina, there's a capable husband for thee yet. Lavy! let us leave these tender turtles to bill and coo a little in private, (*aside to Peregrino.*) Harkye! you are a sensible fellow, and we must converse on more important matters presently,—mum!—Come, Lavy!—Ah, Zanina! thou'rt a happy wench.

[*Exeunt GUISEPPO and LAVINIA.*]

Per. (*chuckling to himself.*) What! not a word? won't you even look at me, Zanina?

Zan. O—h! (*groaning as she turns her head by degrees.*) There, I do look at you—Lord! what a fright the man has grown!

Per. Pshaw! accidents beneath the regret of hearts like ours—Haven't you sworn, a thousand times, you loved me for myself.

Zan. But it was yourself altogether—I never promised to love a man by detachments. What am I to do with such an uncomfortable remnant of a husband?

Per. Treat him as an antiquary would broken sculpture—place him reverently in thy *sanctum sanctorum*, and think he gains in value, as he grows in years.

Zan. You'll find me no such virtuoso, I can promise you.—Don't laugh!—don't look so unconcerned! I can't bear it—Oh! I shall run mad with mortification!

Per. Pooh! you wrong yourself to say it—thou art the mildest, meekest, lovinest helpmate, a crippled soldier e'er was blessed with—Our tenderness will be a proverb in the mouth of Genoa.—Courage! my lass! thy delicate arm shall be my crutch, when I march forth on festivals—fair or foul—smooth or

rough—together still jog onwards merrily, and they must fight stouter than the infidels, who part us!

SONG.—PEREGRINO.

Oh! brave rub-a-dub, tweet-a-tweet, tantarara!
 I still can enjoy you in love as in war;
 Such a wife!—Bully Mars! not thy Venus was fairer;
 Her lip has a dew that's a salve for each scar.
 Then march with me, sweetheart, march forward to glory!
 Fife, drum, and trumpet, invite, boys, to fame;
 Fall to-day in the field, live for ever in story;
 A brave soldier's death, is the life of his name.
 March! March! March!

2.

Abroad, though I lose the sweet uproar of battle,
 Still its musical comforts at home I may hear;
 For what shrill alarum surpasses the rattle
 A married man finds in the tongue of his dear?
 Then march, merry sweetheart, &c. &c. &c.

(He forces ZANINA to march beside him to the burden of the air, whilst her sullen sobs keep measure with his step.) [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Clymante's Palace—a marble Hall adorned with statues, and crossed by a colonnade at its extremity.

Enter CLYMANTE, and CÆLIO.

Cæl. Now, my fair bride, away with the dismal
 —I can't suffer them—by my manhood I can't—our
 guests are assembling, and I command you to receive
 them with smiles, as becomes a dutiful wife.

Cly. Ah! madcap! you little guess how painful
 is the task.

Cæl. Tush! "False face must hide what the false
 heart doth know."—I'll meet the company as they
 arrive—by the way, I forgot to mention to you, one
 of our guests, a strange out-of-the-way black person—
 prepare for an original.

Cly. A black !

Carl. Aye, an acquaintance of Tancredi's—'tis a long story which I have not time to tell—I must play the cavalier, not the gossip, now—Remember, child, a few hours more, and I shall be your lord and master—Such a wife ! and such a palace !—Gad's me ! I shall truly have to boast, that marriage has *made a man of me !* [Exit.

Cly. How shall I meet the sister of my Aurélio ? What a heartless wretch must she consider me ! Yet most women would account four year's wearing, a tolerable service for the willow-garland—Well—well—I must collect my spirits for the coming trial—Music only strikes the spell that raises them—Myrtillo ! (*enter a Page.*)—Place my harp !—reach me one of those manuscripts you copied last.

Page. Here, Lady, is an air that ever was your favourite.

Cly. Leave it, boy ! (*he places it before her.*)—Ah ! 'tis an unlucky choice—No matter—to indulge a sorrow sometimes soothes it best.

(*She touches the harp and accompanies it with her voice.*)

BALLAD.—CLYMANTE.

Julio told me, when we parted,
Nought but death should cause his stay,
To mine eye a tear had started,
Julio kiss'd the drop away.
Autumn winds now chill my dwelling ;
'Twas in Spring I lost my dear ;
Grief afresh mine eye is swelling.
But no kiss imbibes the tear.

2.

With the flowers that Julio planted,
Oft' I dress his vacant chair,
Stand before it, gaze enchanted,
Gaze, and think my rover there !
Oft' the kiss he gave at parting,
Midnight sleep returns to cheer ;—
But, too soon, my senses starting,
Lose the kiss, to find the tear.

Cly. Nay, nay, the *Maestoso* will undo me. I must invoke a sprightlier muse, and strike the harp-string with a bolder touch.

(She strikes a brilliant symphony, and sings with forced animation.)

ARIA.

Flutter round me, sports and pleasures,
Changeful as the rainbow's light;
Trip the scene to nimble measures,
Gild the day, and charm the night!

(CÆLIO advances through the colonnade upon tiptoe, beckoning to GUISEPPPO, LAVINIA, MARCELLO, &c. who follow softly, as he directs; AURELIO, with TANCREDI, advances apart from the other guests.)

(CLYMANTE continues to play, while CÆLIO, &c. sing piano in the distance.)

Cæl. Hush! she sings—'tis Love's dominion—
Softly tread the hallow'd ground.

Aur. (aside to Tan.)

Hark! that voice—its dear dominion
Steals each ravish'd sense around!

Chorus. Hush! she sings, &c.

The company steal forward unperceived; CLYMANTE executes a brilliant cadenza; at its termination the guests discover themselves, and surround her.

ALL THE COMPANY.

Bravo! bravo! voice enchanting;
Taste and feeling all divine;
Nought to crown the spell is wanting;
Music blows from beauty's shrine!
Bravo! bravo!

Cæl. Thanks, my fair incomparable! nay, no blushes—see, you are surrounded by friends.

Cly. Dear Lavinia, this indeed is kind—Signor Guiseppo!—Marcello too!—Welcome—welcome!

(She retires a little to receive the compliments of her friends in dumb shew, while AURELIO advances with TANCREDI to the front.)

Tan. Controul yourself;—consent to steer by discretion, or, by the Blue Neptune, I'll not be your pilot.

Aur. Rely upon me!—the tone of that well-known voice at first disordered me—but now I'm calm again.

Cly. (advancing.) Ah! Tancredi here!—Glory and you have been familiar, Sir, since last we met—to the Genoese champion and my Cœlio's friend I bid an equal welcome.

Tan. Fair lady, I am ever proud to be remembered by you—as the friend of your accepted lover.

(CLYMANTE turns away disconcerted.)

Aur. (aside.) Guilt flushes in her cheek—Ah! faithless, heartless woman!

Guis. (to Cly.) Gad's me! but your ladyship shews a notable example to your countrywomen—I trust it will be followed. Matrimony for ever! Eh, my little Lavy?

Lav. (aside.) Odious wretch!

Cly. How, Lavinia—am I to exchange congratulations with my friend?

Guis. Fairly put, Signora—press her to the point. Nay, speak, my charmer, and confirm my happiness.

Mar. (eagerly.) You are too precipitate, Signor; would you urge a mistress before so many witnesses?

Lav. (suddenly checking his vehemence.) True; it is the fault of an ardent passion to be neglectful of observers. Most women answer 'No,' before company; how I might reply in private to the man who truly loves me is not quite so certain.

Marc. (Aside.)—Excellent! she has saved me.

Guis. Ravishing ingenuousness! (kissing LAVINIA's hand.) Madam! (*to CLYMANTE*) you have conferred upon me eternal obligations—Gad! but the fancy of a wedding makes us bachelors feel so light and airy—

Cæl. (Spying Aurelio.)—Ah! my knight of the stricken heart! a thousand pardons—let me present you to my mistress—Clymante! cheer with your smile a philosopher who has journeyed even from the sources of the Nile to contemplate a fine woman.

Clym. Sir Stranger! you are welcome—truly welcome—be it my suit, that under this roof you deem yourself at once among familiar friends.

Aur. (With measured emphasis.) Lady! your words are oracles—here—already could I indeed believe myself the intimate of every one around me.

*Cæl. Frankly spoken, all friends—all intimates—*merely a few of our select for the present hour, but at midnight all Genoa will pour in upon us to the bridal banquet—Eh! your eyes still riveted upon my mistress! Ha! ha! stricken for the second time? beware, 'twould prove a hopeless passion.

Aur. I feel it such—your pardon—but yon lady's form recalls the memory of hours I fain would have forgotten—

Clym. (With surprise.) How! was I ever known to you before?

Aur. By description long.—

Clym. Where could you have heard my name?

Aur. In a dungeon,

Clym. Ah! who—who was he that breathed it?

Aur. A fellow prisoner—In sooth, a spirit-broken youth—yet one whose desolate bosom, as I deem, high hopes had sometime swelled, and happier fortunes cheered—

Clym. That prisoner's name?—Stranger! his name!

Aur. Aurelio di Montalto.

Clym. My affianced Lord!

Lav. The brother of my heart!

Guis. How? what? when? whence? where? Aurelio did you say? My—my—my ever-regretted kinsman!

Aur. Indeed!—was then my ill-starred comrade once so fortunate? Brother to so fair a maid—of kindred with this wealthy senator—and the contracted of yon peerless beauty! Poor Aurelio! how bitter was the contrast of thy after lot!

Clym. (*endeavouring to command herself, while CÆLIO stimulates her to exertion.*)—One word—does he yet survive?

Guis. Aye, that's the point, is there any fear—that is—I mean is there any ho—hope.

Aur. I was not present at his death—but 'tis certain, when I quitted Tunis, Aurelio's name no longer numbered with the living. Would you question further? Ask me of the wretched hour when last we parted—Ah! I can describe it faithfully—that scene is even now before me!

The characters form themselves into a group of fixed attention.

ROMANCE.—AURELIO.

Deep in a dungeon, stretch'd on straw,
There last my hapless friend I saw;
His body bore the galling chain,
While fever's fire consum'd his brain:
With burning grasp, my hand he wrung,
And thus the wretch, in madness, sung:

(*He takes LAVINIA's hand.*)

"I had a sister! where is she?
She feign'd my second self to be:
Can misery ties of blood dissolve?
A captive brother calls for aid;
She hears him not; forgetful maid!
Ah! no,—she hears not—never! never!
No!—No!—No!—Never!"

(*He drops her hand and passes to GUISEPPO.*)

Anon, with *rage* his pale cheek flush'd;
As hasty blood returning rush'd;
New fires illum'd his fading eye;
It roll'd—it kindled fearfully!
His lip convuls'd with scorn, with pride,
As thus the maniac wildly cried:

“A faithless *guardian*, too, was mine,
Who sells young hearts at Mammon's shrine,
And mocks the wretch's last endeavour:
Shall Heaven forgive that caitiff slave?
No!—No!—its lightnings rend the knave,
Its thunders sound his doom for ever:
Yes!—Yes! for ever.”

(*He starts away from GUISEPPO and stands before
CLYMANTE.*)

Again, to transient calm resign'd,
As Reason's beam just cross'd the mind,
The victim ceas'd to mourn his fate,
And lost, in love, his dreams of hate:
Soft-stealing tears suffus'd his eyes,
And thus discours'd his latest sighs:

“The maid I lov'd;—Ah! bless her, Heaven!
Her broken vows are all forgiven;
Despair, like mine, be *her* lot never!”
Clymante's name just once he spoke,
Then one deep sigh,—his heart-strings broke—
Yes, lady, yes,—they broke for ever!
Yes, yes, for ever!

He rushes past Clymante, and disappears at the side scene—Clymante, almost sinking, rests upon Cælio's arm—and the company remain for a moment as a picture of consternation, or curiosity, as their feelings are more or less excited.

Cæli. (in an earnest whisper.) Rouse yourself, Clymante! for your own, for my sake.

Guis. Hem!—hem!—I protest, the most whimsical, unpleasant, facetious, cursed, disagreeable person I ever met with. The fellow deserves to be——

Tan. Hold, Signor—the Abyssinian is my friend, and visits Genoa at my persuasion.

Guis. Truly, Captain, our city is beholden to you for the importation—but positively when you catch wild animals, you ought to tame them also before they are turned loose among civilized society.

Cœl. Ha! ha! ha! Heavens! good people—ha! ha! Why you all look as if this innocent natural creature had scared you—now, to me, he is the most diverting oddity in nature—however, before he rejoins us, I'll offer a hint or so that may restrain his brusqueries within the bounds of etiquette.

Guis. A most seasonable precaution for the comfort of your guests in general, and your humble servant in particular.

Cœl. (*looking off at the side.*) Ha! he paces up and down the corridor—Clymante! lead our friends to the ball-room—I'll follow after a few words, and present you with an altered man.

Guis. Truly I hope so—for really in his present state he is little better than a Hottentot—(*to Clymante*) Fair lady, your hand—I never had so many rude things said to me before—very affronting to a senator—to be called such horrible names before company too—quite a barbarian!——

Continues talking while he leads Clymante through the colonnade—the guests following and affecting to condole with his chagrin.

Cœl. My poor Clymante! what must she have suffered from this savage! yet his friendship for Aurelio seems indeed to have been sincere—I had best try raillery and banter him out of his heroics—he walks this way—lost in reverie!—faith! but he's a noble looking fellow, and were his complexion of any

other tint, I should positively set my cap at him—lud! lud! I'm forgetting that I no longer wear one—

Re-enter AURELIO.

Hark ye, my friend—I waited for you—a word in private.

Aur. (fiercely.) Aye, or in the face of the assembled world, Sir—speak it!

Cæl. Why, then, my friend, the case is this—you certainly possess a fund of original humour for an African, but 'tis something too much of caricature to please in Europe—you must refine a little—just bevil off the edges—Now this Aurelio, you rave about so terribly, 'faith! he was held a very silly fellow in Genoa, *entre nous*, I believe Clymante never had any serious regard for him!

Aur. (in a transport of rage seizes Cælio.) Hold! despicable slanderer of the dead! atrocious defamer of the living! hold, or I shall crush thee!

Cæl. (screaming with sudden fright.) Ah! is the devil in the man?

Aur. Minion! confess by what accursed arts—for in nature's course it could not be—a wretch like thee could'st triumph o'er Clymante's heart—confess it instantly, or by my soul—

Cæl. Lud! lud!—I will confess—any thing—every thing—only don't squeeze so hard.

AURELIO dashes him off disdainfully—TANCREDI calls aloud from the colonnade.

Tan. Signor Cælio! the dancers wait for you.

Cæl. (aside.) Ah! friends so near, then I'm a man again. (*suddenly draws and turns upon AURELIO.*) Ruffian! defend your life!

Aur. Ha!

Cæl. Draw—draw,—curse your apologies,—draw this instant, or I'm through your heart!

GRAND FINALE.

Cælio. Ruffian, draw! My sword defies thee;
Blood, to slake my rage, must start!

Aurelio. Though my manhood should despise thee;
Thus have at thee;—to thy heart!

[*They exchange a pass.—TANCREDI and MARCELLO rush forwards and strike between their swords.*]

<i>Tan. and</i>	}	Madmen! part; your strife forego;
<i>Mar.</i>		He that stirs, becomes my foe!
<i>Aur.</i>		Madness firing,
<i>Cæl.</i>		Rage inspiring,

Yield thee, {Minion,}
 {Ruffian,} to my arm.

<i>Tan.</i>	}	Madness reigning,
<i>Mar.</i>		—Rage restraining,

Would you all the guests alarm?

[*TANCREDI forcibly withholds AURELIO, while MARCELLO intercepts CÆLIO, who affects ungovernable passion, CLYMANTE appears in the centre of the Colonnade.*]

Clym. Saints defend me!—Swords drawn! fighting—
Say, Signors! what cause? explain!

Tanc. Mere mistake—scarce worth reciting,

Mar. Start not, lady! fears were vain.

Clym. (*surveying the disputants alternately.*)

(*Recit.*) How! silent both! brows knit! eyes flashing still!
Madmen! forbear,—I curb your frantic will!

(*She advances playfully between them.*)

(*Allegro.*) By such gentle witchcraft as woman may use,
I bid the rash murmurs of enmity cease:
A lady's command no true knight dare refuse;
Then I charge and I charm you to friendship and peace.

Cly. *Cælio!* submit.—

(*She draws him towards AURELIO.*)

Signor! at my request—

Aur. Disobedience now were crime.

Cæl. Accept my hand as friendship's test.

(*AURELIO receives it with constraint, then whispers, unobserved by CLYMANTE*)

Aur. We meet again !

Cæl. (*in a scornful undertone.*) Another time.

QUINTETTO.

AURELIO, CÆLIO, TANCREDI, MARCELLO, AND CLYMANTE.

Thus ocean's bosom hush'd from storms,

Reflects in peace hope's colour'd bow ;

No blust'ring gale the scene deforms,

And, scarcely heard, the waters flow.

(*Enter LAVINIA from the colonnade, followed by all the guests in couples, to a dancing movement, accompanied by harps and tamborines.*)

Lavinia. Clymante, where stay you ?

Ah ! wherefore delay you ?

The dancers impatiently wait for the bride.

Clym. and } Too justly you blame us ;

Cælio. } Friends fearlessly claim us,

Now weave the light measure, we join you with pride.

(*A dance commences ; CLYMANTE and CÆLIO support the principal movement, relieved at intervals by the figure.*)

(*AURELIO occupies one extreme corner of the stage, next the audience ; his eyes incessantly pursue CLYMANTE'S figure through the dance, and his accents accompany her motions.*

Aurelio. Ye gods ! how she moves ! as a swan breasts the billow,

Majestical floating, yet sportive and light ;

Now bowing its neck to the wave as a pillow,

Then lifting it proudly, more lofty and bright.

(The dance becomes general towards its close, and the movement more rapid.)

Chorus.

Tamborines quickly beat
Their gay challenge to feet :
By youth's nimble spirit their taunt be defied !
With a volatile grace,
Now redouble your pace :
Evviva, the bridegroom !—Evviva, the bride !

(The dancers begin to pass away through the colonnade as the curtain descends upon the Scene.)

END OF ACT II.

AGT III.

SCENE I.

(The Palace Garden by Moon-light, bounded by a marble terrace, at one extremity of which an illuminated portico of the building is visible; the noise of revelry at first prevails at a distance, succeeded by a few bars of agitated music; after which, AURELIO rushes from the portico, and pauses in centre of the terrace.)

RECITATIVE.—*(Accompanied.)*

Ye silent stars! free air! and boundless sky!
 From pleasure's hateful glare to you I fly;
 From buzzing tongues, from folly's deaf'ning crowd,
 To you I fly, to you I call aloud.

(He descends from the terrace, and comes forward.)

BALLAD.

Yon blue, beauteous sky is with stars sparkling o'er,
 And with white tender moonlight the ground;
 Dews, silently dropping, faint nature restore,
 And winds breathe like hush'd infants around:
 All, all is at peace, save this desolate breast,
 And there beats a heart that may never know rest;
 No, never!—No, never!
 The heart of a lover must never know rest!

2.

I gaze on the lovely deep calm of the hour,
 Yet woo its still spirit in vain;
 Though this infinite world be as Eden's first bower,
 Here, here, storm and darkness remain:

I pray for repose, but my prayer is unblest,
 For here beats a heart that may never know rest;
 No, never!—No, never!
 The heart of a lover must never know rest!

(At the end of the air, AURELIO casts himself upon a bank. Enter TANCREDI from the portico, and descends the terrace.)

Tan. Hist! my friend—I have been seeking you everywhere—why did you quit the ball-room? How now, man—you, who have weathered so many hurricanes, to run ashore upon a squall like this?

Aur. Leave me, Tancredi, leave me; that coxcomb's triumph is distraction to my soul.

Tan. What then is your purpose?

Aur. To fly this hateful scene—renounce my hopes—my love—my native land for ever!

Tan. Now, shame upon thee, man!—abandon so tight a vessel as the Clymante to a rascally pirate, without firing one shot in her defence? Reveal yourself, and boldly claim your own—her hand is yours by contract.

Aur. Her hand!—Ah! that pledge were worthless when her alienated heart too clearly is another's prize.

Tan. Don't be too positive of that. I have news for you—brave news! just now an advice-boat hailed me—Peregrino was the captain.

Aur. Peregrino here?—follow us to Clymante's?

Tan. Aye, and with intelligence that——but the rascal shall tell his own story; I dispatched him round into the garden by another gate, that he might escape observation. Hark! I hear his step—*(He whistles; PEREGRINO appears in his first disguise.)*

Aur. Wherefore are you here?—What have you discovered at Guiseppo's?

Per. Treasons incalculable, and abominations out of number! Oh! Signors! such detections!—in the first place, that cockatrice my wife——

Tan. Curse your wife!—pass her, and get to something better.

Per. With all my heart. Curse my wife! and hey for another man's mistress!—quite the fashion now-a-days.—Well then, to the Lady Clymante—she proves at last the faithful fair I ever had believed her.

Aur. Heavens! is't possible that——

Per. Your pardon, Sir; but don't cross-examine the witness till his evidence is closed—let me tell my story my own way. That consul-general of Belzebub upon earth—that hypocritical old senator——

Tan. There! didn't I say beforehand——

Per. Say it afterwards instead, Sir, if you please, and let me get on. He called me to his cabinet, opened his strong box—here glittered an ingot—there sparkled a rope of jewels.—Such offers!—such temptations!—Ah! how well these senators understand the art of bribery!

Aur. To what would he have tempted you?

Per. Merely a trifling matter of perjury, or so,—if I would but volunteer an oath before magistrates that I had witnessed the death and burial in Africa, of a certain gentleman, whom I have some reason to believe is now alive in Genoa.

Aur. Ha! that my estates more easily might fall his prey.

Per. I scrupled,—he persisted,—at last my hesitation was reduced to this,—that I knew full well my master had addressed sundry letters to friends in Genoa, which, though never acknowledged, had probably all been received,—that a *specific date* must necessarily be assigned to the demise in question, and that after I had sworn accordingly, it would be devilish awkward if some of these correspondents should come forward with a document signed by the deceased a week or so subsequent to his funeral,—this lucky *hint* unkennelled the old fox at once,—to prompt *another's villany* he freely confessed his own,—that

he had intercepted every letter,—that he held them in possession still.

Aur. Villain! Villain!

Per. To convince me, he produced a packet,—all your letters to Clymante,—those to your sister too,—both are innocent,—both are true to you,—the evidence is *here* (*producing the packet*,) here—here—read and assure yourself of happiness at once.

Aur. Oh! Tancredi!—dare I trust——

Tanc. A misbeliever still?—A lamp burns in yonder pavilion,—step but a moment thither and convince yourself.—Away—away.

[*AURELIO rushes off with the packet.*

Tan. Peregrino! I'll have thee chronicled for this—name but thy reward,—and as for thy wife—

Per. Don't mention her and my reward in the same breath.—No—no—as you recommended, we'll pass my wife, and proceed to something more agreeable. [Exeunt.

Enter CÆLIO from the Portico.

Cæl. Where the deuce has this Tancredi taken himself?—I observed him pass into the garden alone, while I was dancing down the last measure,—would that I could meet him now.—Poor Clymante dies with anxiety for farther intelligence from that alarming friend of his.—I dare not question the Dragon himself, through fear of his claws, but surely Tancredi might be more communicative. Ha! he comes,—misericordia! the Tremendous is himself in company.—Perhaps they'll separate,—I'll lie perdue a minute for the chance. [Steals into a bower.

Re-enter AURELIO and TANCREDI.

Tan. Joy! joy! my friend,—now overboard with doubts and fears for ever.

Aur. You are too impetuous,—this discovery, I grant, allays my worst suspicion,—but, ah!——

Tan. To the eternal devil with your “buts” and

"*ahs*"—blaspheme once more against your better angel, and by my soul we quarrel.

Aur. What would you have me do?

Tan. That which a spirited fellow ought,—rush at once into yonder ball-room,—claim your mistress in face of all the world.—Avow yourself Aurelio to-night, and be the happiest bridegroom in Christendom before morning.

Cœl. (*from the bower.*) Ha! Aurelio!—living—before me!

Aur. Not so suddenly—her encouragement of that detested Cœlio—

Tan. For shame—this is ungenerous, unmanly—had she not every reason to believe you dead? did not her father's will enforce her to another choice?—yet to the last moment has she not delayed it?

Aur. Still this rival——

Tan. 'Sdeath! man, if the captain first appointed be reported missing, think you a noble first-rate is to lie out of commission while an hundred other able fellows are panting to command her?

Aur. Well, well—at midnight the marriage is appointed.

Tan. Soon as the clock has struck—the latest moment law allows her to delay the ceremony.

Aur. Not till *then* will I reveal myself—forgive me, friend—but I must probe Clymante further.

Cœl. (*aside.*) Say you so? take heed, my spark! whilst probing others you are not made to smart yourself.

Tan. This is the romance of a boy, Aurelio, not the honest policy of enlightened man—you would trepan a faithful mistress into the appearance of inconstancy, that you, forsooth, might have the ostentation of forgiving her!—shame! shame!—act openly at once—only let *black* convert itself to *white*, and my life upon't your mistress proves *true blue*.

CLYMANTE appears on the terrace.

Cly. Hist, Cœlio, are you there?

Aur. Her voice!—she seeks my happy rival in these shades.

Tan. Self-tormenting madman, peace! (*Clymante advances*)—Signora! nay, never shun me—'t isn't the gallant rigged pinnace you made signal for, yet no pirate.

Cly. No!—I hail you ever as a friend—tell me, have you met Cælio? I bade him follow you into the garden and——

Cælio advances a step from the bower and makes a hasty sign, pointing to Aurelio—Clymante stops in confusion.

Tan. Your commands, Lady—utter them.

Cly. Nay—no matter—I did not perceive your friend.

Tan. He pants to address you, Lady—to divulge a secret which——

Aur. (*catching his arm in agitation*) Betray me and our friendship ends for ever!

Tan. By heaven! you are the strangest fellow that——

As he turns his head, Cælio catches his eye, presses a finger to his lip to impose silence, then beckons him toward a side path.

Umph! there's another strange fellow!—one bounces and frowns—t'other winks and beckons—

(*Clymante by action directs him to follow Cælio.*)

The lady too!—all strange people together!—Eh! signals repeated—yeo! yeo! I slip cable and run before the wind (*he follows Cælio unobserved by Aurelio*).

Cly. (*after a short pause of hesitation.*) You seem unhappy, Sir! Wou'd that Clymante's words had art to soothe your sorrows!

Aur. Your words—Ah! lady, do you then pity me?

Cly. Truly—tenderly—you guess not half your claim on my regard—stranger! you were Aurelio's friend.

Aur. (*aside.*) Ecstasy (*snatching her hand with fervor.*) I was Aurelio's friend—and therefore is it you regard me?

Cly. Yes—and now I would fain claim you as a friend for Cælio.

AURELIO abruptly drops her hand, and relapses into coldness.

Aur. You honour me too deeply.—(*they regard each other for a moment, with inquietude—AURELIO recovers himself and proceeds with freezing ceremony*)—Signora! may I be permitted to escort you to your guests?

Cly. (*half piqued.*) You are an enigma! but *n'importe*—I dare trust you with my hand.

A nightingale sings as CLYMANTE turns towards the terrace—she pauses.

TRIO.—CLYMANTE, AURELIO, CÆLIO.

Clym. Hist! listen!—'tis the nightingale,
She pours her sadly-pleasing tale

From yon pomegranate tree:

Aur. Too well I know those thrilling strains;
They breathe a hopeless lover's pains;
How truly-tenderly!

Cælio. Methought I heard the voice of love;
Yes! yes!—it echoes through the grove;
A concert let it be!

All three. Hist! hist again! that piercing flight,
How rapid, buoyant, clear and light,
On air it seems to float!

Again—again it springs on high,
And now in long-drawn ecstasy,
Dissolves the fainting note,

Again! again! again!

[*Exeunt towards the terrace.*

(*CÆLIO appears watching the Lovers, concealed from their observation by intervening shrubs.*)

SCENE II.—*Chamber at GUISEPPPO'S.**Enter ZANINA.*

Zan. I'm an undone woman! The longer I reflect upon my misfortune, so much the more desperate does my condition appear—That miserable devil Peregrino!—A person of my parts and figure to be fastened for life to such a bundle of odds and ends! it's quite a horror! Then the rogue to be so easy and unconcerned—'tis that which provokes me beyond all the rest—here he comes again—laughing so odiously—how dares he laugh? I can't bear it—Oh!

Enter PEREGRINO.

Per. Aha! My tender turtle cooing to itself—for joy, I warrant, at its mate's return.

Zan. Don't talk to me of joy—don't—I've been crying till my eyes are as red as ferrets.

Per. Because its own deary hath played truant for a while—be comforted, my wench—I'll never stir abroad in future but thou shalt walk in company.

Zan. A special pleasure truly!

Per. I know it will—henceforth we'll live the fondest couple.

Zan. Peregrino!—you will drive me mad—look in my face and answer, whether I'm not an injured woman?

Per. Oh fie!—You wrong me, on my honour; beware of jealousy,

Zan. Jealousy, quotha! a precious object to be jealous of! you don't *wish* to understand me, but you *shall*; your return has made me miserable.

Per. How!—I—Peregrino—make my own Zanina miserable!—Of what can she complain?

Zan. Look into a glass—do—you disagreeable creature!

Per. (After a pause of dissembled reflection.) Ha! is it even so! poor Peregrino! Well—well—thou art in truth a luckless wight—yet never till now were thy misfortunes felt by thee—wounded and captive—in sickness or in dungeon—still one bright fancy cheered thy spirit, 'twas the thought of thy Zanina, waiting thee at home—what mattered loss of limbs, so love remained entire?—Thou might'st return a cripple, but the whitest hand and arm in Genoa would be thy crutch—and as thy countrymen passed thou wouldst hear them cry, "How I envy yon broken soldier—War has done him injury, but love repairs the wrong—His outside man is rent and torn, yet the most beautiful of wives and women smiles kindly on the wreck."

Zan. Really his observations are amazingly judicious—I never heard him talk so sensibly before!—

Per. 'Tis somewhat hard—but it must be so—yes—yes—now I feel the justice of the case, and own myself no longer worthy of so excellent a creature.

Zan. You confess it then?—Well, that's making some amends. And what do you intend to do, my poor fellow?

Per. Betake me to some private cabin—little suffices for such wants as mine—the pension my Lord Guiseppo promised shall be paid to thee, and Peregrino, in his solitude, will cease to mourn, if Zanina, midst her gaieties, sometimes bestows a thought on him who lives but to adore her—who will bless her as he dies.

Zan. (half whispering.) I protest it's very moving.

Per. However, my wench, your hand at parting—just one kind friendly pressure—*(She silently extends one hand, wiping her eyes with the other.)*—Yes, just one—*(he kisses it)*—and this must be our last, Zanina.

Zan. (bursting into a sob.) No, no,—something choaks me—stop a little—there!—*(she clears her throat, and looks him full in the face.)*—Peregrino,

you once were handsome, and now, to be candid, you are downright frightful. Nevertheless, I took you at the altar for better and for worse—worse it has proved, with a vengeance!—yet you express yourself so feelingly, and shew so proper a sense of my superior merits, that, fair or foul—half a husband, or none at all—I'll e'en stick by thee like a faithful wife, and death alone shall us two part.

Per. O thou magnanimous creature!

Zan. Yes, I know I'm magnanimous; and I expect you to be grateful accordingly.

Per. What, never forsake thy husband?

Zan. Never—never.

Per. Love him in spite of all his losses?

Zan. Yes, but don't mention those wicked losses any more—I must needs regret the sparkling eye that first deluded me.

Per. (*cautiously withdraws the patch.*) Ah! it was a sparkler! people tell me the outward blemish is by no means particular.

Zan. Oh! the Virgin!—my dear Peregrino, if you hadn't told me, I should never guess the sight *was* injured—why it winks and twinkles just as roguishly as—

Per. When first we danced together to the pipe by moonlight.

Zan. Now you've spoiled all again—why would you talk of dancing?

Per. Because I want a partner who can pace the measure against as stout a pair of legs as any in Christendom.—(*he disengages the disguised limb, and cuts a caper.*)

Zan. What!—*two* of them!—a pair of *real* legs!

Per. And a brace of genuine arms withal, to clasp my faithful wife once more.—(*hugs her violently, and kisses her—she screams.*)

Zan. Yah! it can't be—yes—it is—what! all the stray pieces put together again? Oh! it's too much for any woman!—ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha!—ha! ha!

Per. Oh! the devil! she's going into a rhapsody!

Zan. Ha! ha! ha!—Oh! I shall die!

Per. Pray don't—I beg it as a particular favour that you live.

Zan. Oh! you mischievous,—amiable,—deceitful,—agreeable devil!—to play me such a trick!—I'll never forgive you,—no—*never*. I'll,—Oh! my dear, dear, Peregrino! (*throws her arms around him.*)

Per. Now, gipsy, d'ye love me a little more?

Zan. A great deal,—because there's so much more of you to be loved,—if part of my affections *did* wander, they only strayed in company with so many lost bits and parcels of yourself,—both have come home again together.

Per. Never to turn gadabouts again?

Zan. Lud! lud!—I could laugh—cry—sing—dance—I shall certainly run mad with joy!

Per. And if thou dost, these arms shall be thy strait-waistcoat, to strain thee closer and closer as the fit grows strong.

DUET.

Pereg. Set the bells ringing,
Old and young singing,
This would be a bedlam, and all its folk mad.
Zan. Crowds flock to meet us,
Merry hearts greet us,
Yet none half so frisky as I and my lad.
Both. We'll rant it, and flaunt it,
We'll dance it, and prance it,
To tabor and pipe, by the bonny moonlight;—
With ding-dong, and sing-song,
With kisses and blisses!
From night to blue morning, from day back to night.

2.

Zan. Gadabout lovers,
Cease to be rovers,
And soberly settle in husband and wife.
Pereg. Wedded, still wooing,
Billing and cooing,
To ease and to please, all our conjugal strife.
Both. We'll rant it, and flaunt it, &c. &c. &c.

SCENE III.—*A Chamber at CLYMANTE'S.**Enter CÆLIO—laughing.*

Cæl. Ha! ha!—now Clymante is indeed my cousin; the true spirit of woman is roused in her at last—Oh! this dainty dead-alive!—this precious white body with a black face—we'll teach him to masquerade it in future.—Let me see—I've plenty of business upon my hands—first, I must assist in punishing my *friend's* lover—afterwards endeavour to reward my own—yes—even *he*—the fond faithful fool I left behind, tinkling his guitar under the willow in my native isle.

AIR.

There's an Isle, clasp'd by waves, in an emerald zone,
That peers forth from ocean, so pearl-like and fair;
As if nature meant it the water-king's throne—
A youth, whom I name not, remembers me *there*.
Methinks, now the breeze bearing murmurs from far,
Wafts hither the plaint of my lover's guitar.

2.

Ah! cheer thee, fond mourner! let hope's whisper soften
The wild pang of absence, and doubts too unkind,
The maid thou upbraiderst, for *thee* sighs as often,
And speeds gentle wishes by every wind.
Then, winds, blow ye homeward, waves, waft me afar,
To my own native Isle, and my lover's guitar.

Enter TANCREDI, leading CLYMANTE.

Cly. Nay, Sir,—but as a deserter from the enemy, dare I rely upon your faith?

Cæl. Let me answer for him—I have taken Tancredi into all our *secrets*—and when did you know the sailor, who could betray a woman's confidence?

Tan. Permit me, on this white hand, to sign the treaty—now, lady, I am yours to the war's last extremity.

Cly. Nay, 'twill not be a severe service—I purely engage on the defensive—but indeed this cruel friend of yours—

Tan. Say rather this *unfortunate*—for the *jealous* mind is chiefly cruel to *itself*—'tis Aurelio's head, not his hear, that errs—but to say truth, though a very king of good fellows, there was ever a wild scion of the *romantic* planted in his nature.

Cæ. Which must be grubbed up by the very roots at once, or it will overshadow and strangle all his better qualities—leave me alone to flourish the exterminating axe.

Cly. Yet, wield it with discretion, coz.

Cæ. Don't preach to me about *discretion*!

Cly. Ah! would you fault?—but I've your promise, and won't permit you to recede—No, no—'tis my cause as well as yours—'tis the cause of the whole sex—if men be allowed to play the tyrant when lovers, what are we to expect of them when husbands?—the very devil itself.

Tan. Nay, nay—the fastidious nicety of his feelings—

Cæ. His feelings!—nonsense—had *she* none, Sir, to be respected?—what!—know, that a faithful heart had sorrowed for his sake, four long years, yet protract its anxieties a single needless moment?—all for the indulgence of his selfish vanity! for a *display*—for a *scene*—well, the gentleman shall be indulged—when once he has washed his black face white again, and bounces upon us in all the insolent confidence of triumph—

Cly. Aye, to humiliate me, as he expects, in the open eye of Genoa—then to display his generosity, and graciously forgive the fickle mistress, after he has covered her with shame and blushes—then—

Tan. Hold! hold!—fire away at the top-sails, ladies—but don't rake the vessel fore and aft—my life upon't, *maugre* all its foibles, Aurelio's is a noble heart.

Cæ. It must be punished notwithstanding—and that it might be punished properly—if I were in my

cousin's palace, I wouldn't marry him these ten years.

Cly. Really I'd take your advice---only, my dear, I'm afraid I might be punishing *myself* at the same time.

Enter MYRTILLO the Page.

Myr. The Signor Guiseppo craves to speak with your lordship in the next saloon---or with Captain Tancredi.

Cœl. Eh! with either of us?---Say, *both* will attend him. *[Exit Page.]*

Tan. What wind, think you, blows the senator upon us?

Cœl. A foul one, never doubt it.

Tan. Indeed!---then let us manœuvre where we cannot fight---up with the boarding-nets of caution, and then---

Cœl. Let *me* take command!---wherever *nets* are to be employed, a woman makes the best captain.

[Exeunt.]

Cly. This odious Guiseppo; how nearly had his arts destroyed my happiness for ever!---Yet, traitor as he is, I cannot hate him as I ought---this blest discovery so elates my spirit, it only vibrates to the touch of joy, and scorns the contact of one angry care.

BRAVURA.—CLYMANTE.

Hail! joyous day, thrice happy hour!
Now, fortune! now I own thy power;
No more I droop in sorrow's gloom,
Nor bathe with tears a fancied tomb.
Hail! joyous, &c. &c. &c.

Enter TANCRÉDI and CÆLIO forcing GUISEPPA between them.

Guis. (*As he enters.*) Nay, positively I must protest against—Gadso! Signora—I implore your pardon for this intrusion—quite involuntary on my part I assure you—these facetious gentlemen would insist, though they might have guessed the subject of our conversation would sound ungracious in your Ladyship's ear—

Cæl. But you were quite mistaken—Clymante! our debate refers to a quondam acquaintance of yours—that unlucky youth, Aurelio.

Cly. Oh! pray converse without reserve—you may perceive I can hear of Aurelio *now* with perfect philosophy.

Guis. Say you so? Gad! but your ladyship sets me a notable example—all the world knows my wonderful regard for my kinsman—but he's gone—grieving's a folly—hem! to be candid then, I have been considering deeply upon a matter which might conduce materially to your ladyship's tranquillity—my own interests were ever a minor anxiety with me—I live but for my friends—(*he bows very low, the company return his compliment in formal silence—he pauses a moment uneasily, then proceeds.*) Hem! the worthy captain here might probably assist us with his counsel—(*TANCREDI bows.*) Hem! that estimable friend of yours—the gentleman from Abyssinia—

Tan. You admire him—a pleasant fellow, isn't he?—

Guis. Remarkably so; but a little eccentric or so—one requires to be *used* to his pleasantry before the relish of it is thoroughly enjoyed.

Tan. Ha! ha! I'll make you intimate with him directly.

Guis. No—I had rather cultivate his acquaintance by delicate degrees—he knew much of my kinsman in his bondage?

Tan. His very second self.

Guis. Indeed!—friendship's a fine thing. It's a

noble thing—now, if he would but swear—that is, if he would only depose after a rational manner to the positive fact of Aurelio's death, 'twould be *very* friendly. Suspense is a sore affliction, and certainty would make us all comparatively easy.

Tanc. Would it—then be easy at once—the Abyssinian will presently return with *proofs--incontestable* proofs—and when next you see him, rely upon it, every doubt upon Aurelio's fate will be dispelled for ever.

Guis. Oh! my dear Captain! what an amiable heart you have—permit me to assure you of my most profound esteem—the Abyssinian too—I esteem *him*—I venerate *both* of you.

Cly. Heavens, Signor—what an exuberance of fine spirits!

Guis. All air—all effervescence—spirits that fit me to gallant a bride—Lady! permit me to seal my devotion on this lily hand—Cœlio! don't be jealous—*your's* are the hours to *come—mine* the golden now—we bachelors have a way with us—hey?—Tancredi—hey?—Allons!—vive l'amour et vive la bagatelle—

(*He gallants CLYMANTE, and vapours off to the burden of an amatory air—TANCREDI and CÆLIO follow laughing.*.)

SCENE IV.—A Hall at TANCREDI'S.

Enter AURELIO, in his real habit as a noble Genoese, and TANCREDI.

Tan. Bravo! bravissimo! my prince of the metamorphoses! the toilet has done thee justice, and my equipage now waits to bear thee forth to glory. Positively, Aurelio, thou art at heart a coxcomb.

Aur. Bear with my frailties like a friend—allow to my vanity this one little triumph, and it never shall offend again.

Tan. I have done ;—e'en steer your own wilful course ; but, if you chance to run foul of rock or quicksand, remember, I was not the pilot. [*Exit.*

Aur. Away, vain cautioner ! my barque has reached a haven where it rides securely, and dreads the perils of the deep no more.

AIR.

Pale grief, avaunt ! my doubts are o'er,
Suspensions haunt this brain no more ;
But love, within my joyous soul,
Reigns absolute, and scorns controul.

No more the rage of ocean,
Nor battle's wild commotion,
Divides my heart's devotion,
With love—almighty love !

A soft delicious languor
Succeeds exhausted anger,
In murmurs dies the clangour,
As moans the breeding dove.

[*Exit.*

SCENE THE LAST.—*The Bridal Banquet.*

Seats crowded with brilliant company, &c. &c.; a clock conspicuously placed, with the minute-hand advancing upon midnight.

TANCREDI enters, accompanied by **AURELIO**, masked ; **PEREGRINO** and **ZANINA** follow in dominoes and masks.

Tan. (*aside to Aur.*) The line is formed, yet pause ere you make signal for bearing down ; consider the shock such a sudden surprise must give her feelings.

Aur. By that alone can I appreciate her love.

Tan. Once more I warn you.

Aur. In vain.

(*GUISEPPO espies TANCREDI, and hastens to him.*)

Guis. Ah! my most regarded friend, have you brought the Abyssinian?—Where is he?—When will the interesting man arrive?

Tan. You'll see him, rely upon it, quite as soon as you desire.

Guis. You delight me—but, eh! masqueraders in your company?

Tan. Hush! privileged friends—I have the Signora's sanction.

Guis. Well, here's all the world assembled on tiptoe for the ceremony—the minute-hand is just upon midnight, and hark! the hour now strikes.

(*CLYMANTE, superbly ornamented, enters, and descends the stage during the time of striking, attended by two bridesmaids, who are veiled. The company rise.*)

Cly. My loving kinsfolk, and my honoured friends, I bow my thanks to all this bright assembly;—this is the moment when, in obedience to a father's will, I yield my maiden liberty to man's controul—'tis now I call upon you to approve my motives, and attest my choice. Summon hither my affianced lord!

Aur. (*unmasking.*) Behold him, Lady, here!

(*The company express astonishment, and the name of AURELIO is simultaneously repeated around; CLYMANTE alone stands serene and unstartled.*)

Guis. Aurelio! the devil!

Tan. I have done ;—e'en steer your own wilful course ; but, if you chance to run foul of rock or quicksand, remember, I was not the pilot. [*Exit.*

Aur. Away, vain cautioner ! my barque has reached a haven where it rides securely, and dreads the perils of the deep no more.

AIR.

Pale grief, avaunt ! my doubts are o'er,
 Suspicions haunt this brain no more ;
 But love, within my joyous soul,
 Reigns absolute, and scorns controul.

No more the rage of ocean,
 Nor battle's wild commotion,
 Divides my heart's devotion,
 With love—almighty love !

A soft delicious languor
 Succeeds exhausted anger,
 In murmurs dies the clangour,
 As moans the breeding dove.

[*Exit.*

SCENE THE LAST.—*The Bridal Banquet.*

Seats crowded with brilliant company, &c. &c.; a clock conspicuously placed, with the minute-hand advancing upon midnight.

TANCREDI enters, accompanied by **AURELIO**, masked ; **PEREGRINO** and **ZANINA** follow in dominos and masks.

Tan. (*aside to Aur.*) The line is formed, yet pause ere you make signal for bearing down ; consider the shock such a sudden surprise must give her feelings.

Aur. By that alone can I appreciate her love.

Tan. Once more I warn you.

Aur. In vain.

(*GUISEPPO espies TANCREDI, and hastens to him.*)

Guis. Ah! my most regarded friend, have you brought the Abyssinian?—Where is he?—When will the interesting man arrive?

Tan. You'll see him, rely upon it, quite as soon as you desire.

Guis. You delight me—but, eh! masqueraders in your company?

Tan. Hush! privileged friends—I have the Signora's sanction.

Guis. Well, here's all the world assembled on tiptoe for the ceremony—the minute-hand is just upon midnight, and hark! the hour now strikes.

(*CLYMANTE, superbly ornamented, enters, and descends the stage during the time of striking, attended by two bridesmaids, who are veiled. The company rise.*)

Cly. My loving kinsfolk, and my honoured friends, I bow my thanks to all this bright assembly;—this is the moment when, in obedience to a father's will, I yield my maiden liberty to man's controul—'tis now I call upon you to approve my motives, and attest my choice. Summon hither my affianced lord!

Aur. (*unmasking.*) Behold him, Lady, here!

(*The company express astonishment, and the name of AURELIO is simultaneously repeated around; CLYMANTE alone stands serene and unstartled.*)

Guis. Aurelio! the devil!

(*He makes a bolt at the entrance ; but PEREGRINO and ZANINA stand between, and unmask his face. He turns abruptly up the stage amidst the crowd. LAVINIA is rushing towards her brother, but ZANINA stops, and engages her in dumb-shew.*)

Cly. (*curtsies with easy unconcerned politeness.*) Signor, you are very welcome—your presence does honour to my bridal. (*To the company.*) My good friends, compose yourselves—merely an old acquaintance ;—don't let the abruptness of his visit startle you.

Aur. Do I dream ? Is this possible ?

Tan. (*aside.*) Why, the shock is less violent than we expected.

Aur. Clymante ! Lady ! Have you forgotten me ?

Cly. Assuredly not. You are the Signor Aureliò di Montalto, a very noble gentleman—as such I well remember, and now bid you welcome : this palace presently will own a lord—his lip shall greet you better. Where is my bridegroom ?

Aur. Unheard-of perfidy ! False, perjured woman !

Cly. How ! you can't address yourself to me, Signor ?

Aur. To you ! whose cruelty, whose scorn——God ! I cannot speak to her ! (*throws himself upon Tancredi.*)

Cly. Really, this is incomprehensible ! Is the gentleman delirious, or only a humourist ?

Tan. Lady, my unhappy friend's emotion will not suffer him to answer you ; but, in his name, I here accuse you of foul inconstancy, and most dishonourable breach of faith.

Cly. Hear him ! All Genoa hear him, and decide upon the charge ! Proceed, Sir.

Tan. Were not your vows by solemn contract plighted to Aurelio ? Are they not now transferred with shameful lightness to another ?

Cly. I admit your premise, yet deny its inference.

Address to your friend, Sir, the reproach of change—
my heart defies the taunt.

Aur. I!—Heavens! Clymante!—the changeling
—I?

Cly. I so protest you, Sir, before the world.
That Aurelio, to whom I gave my virgin heart, was
generous, open, trusting, and sincere—proud in his
own honour—confident of mine. Where shall I seek
that noble image now? Not in the self-degraded
bondsmen of suspicion, who dares insult with doubts
the faith of a devoted heart; and poorly can abase
his loftiness of manhood to a disgraceful experiment
upon the weakness of a woman!—that woman, too,
one whose truth—whose tenderness—Oh! shame!
shame! No, such a man is not the Aurelio of my
early love. Reproach not me, Sir; the change is in
yourself.

Tan. (aside.) That was a rattling broadside! I
doubt she carries too much weight of metal for us,
eh?

Aur. False, cruel maid! who never truly loved—

Cly. Hold! injurious and ungrateful man! That
I *did* love, aye, even, in despair—love fondly—firmly
—be witness the strict sorrows of four suffering
years! Nay, this very day—*even* at the time you
mocked my feelings with disguise and fraud—(you
find I *knew* you, Sir,)—so fixed; so fervent was my
love, I would have cast myself into your arms with
joy, and hailed you for the lord my choice had proudly
singled from the world!

Aur. Was I indeed beloved? And has my jea-
lous madness—

Cly. For ever forfeited the heart it dared to
doubt.

Aur. Distraction! Oh! Tancredi!

Tan. Nay, never turn to me. I warned you how
this precious scheme would end:—however, I can't
see a sinking messmate, and not fling out a plank to
save him. Lady, let my friend's penitence excuse
his fault—'tis deep—sincere—

Cly. But shewn too late. Coelio has now my

promise; and here I solemnly protest, without his free consent, I never will espouse another.

Aur. Enough, Madam,—my heart breaks, yet it acknowledges the justice of its sentence. Farewell, for ever!

Cly. -Hold! Sir, hold! Ere you depart, you must learn the superior merits of the rival for whom you are rejected. Know, that Cœlio is the object of my most unfeigned attachment!—Know, that he quitted his native isle at my request, and solely to oblige my passion. Know, that our sentiments for each other are unalterable—and, above all, know, to your shame!—to your confusion!—to your utter despair!—know, that Cœlio is—aye, actually is—

Aur. What? in the name of madness—*What?*

(One of the Bridemaids touches him, while, with the other hand, she lifts her veil, and reveals the features of the counterfeited Cœlio.)

Bion. A woman.

Aur. A woman!!!

(Clymante bursts into immoderate laughter, in which the company join.)

Can I trust my senses? Speak, Sir—Madam, are you really a woman or not?

Bion. Why, verily I believe my sex to be feminine; but I have *played* the man so long, I could half fancy myself one in earnest.

Aur. Fiend, or angel! confess thyself at *once*!

Bion. That's not so easy, for mine is a *double* being. At noon I was *Cœlio*, the Cavalier, a fair lady's adorer, and a black gentleman's plague—At midnight I became *Biondina*, the bridemaid—Clymante's loving cousin, and your very humble servant.

Aur. Oh! thou dear, ravishing, ecstatic creature—
(He kisses her in rapture.)

Cly. Hold! hold! it will be my turn to be jea-

lous presently—Why, Sir, if you lavish so many kisses on the bridemaids, what's to become of the bride?

Aur. (*Flings himself at her feet.*) Pardon! Pardon!

Clym. There, take a sign manual for it this time; but if ever you turn jealous *again*—

Bion. Aye, if you *do*—'Sdeath! Sir, recollect that I wear a sword upon occasions.

Tan. Ha! ha! never fear him now—Between you, ladies, the evil spirit has been flogged so soundly, 'twill scarcely mutiny again—But, tack about, my friend, another friendly sail makes signal in the offing—(*presents Lavinia.*)

Lav. My brother—dear, ever dear Aurelio!—(*They embrace.*)

Tan. Surely one of our squadron still is missing—the hull somewhat crazy and decayed, therefore to be excused for slow sailing—Ahoy there! look out for the good ship Guiseppo!—

(*PEREGRINO and ZANINA open the crowd, and discover the old Senator squatted behind, endeavouring to conceal himself—They draw him forward.*)

Tan. Aha! it heaves in sight at last!—a fine old sixty-four, cut down and taken in tow by a couple of fire-ships!

(*GUISEPPO, when brought forward, attempts to smile.*)

Guis. My cousin!—my dear, long-lost kinsman, this is such a pleasure!—I never expected it; but I assure you, none of your letters ever reached me—

(*PEREGRINO coughs at his side, and slyly shews the packet.*)

(*Aside.*) Keep my secret, and I will give you a thousand ducats—(*to Aurelio.*) I don't know what I'm saying; but really, my happiness upon this occasion, quite

exceeds—(*PEREGRINO coughs again.*)—Two thousand—(*aside.*)

Tan. Well, old gentleman, I'll make your peace upon *conditions*—my friend, 'tis true, might have doubts as to *himself*, but nobody can question your affection for his lovely *sister*.

Guis. (*brightening up.*) Nobody can; and I'm ready at this moment to—

Tan. I know it; to prove your sincerity, by settling upon her the reversion of your estate—whilst I, in my friend's name, venture to present her *hand* to—

Guis. (*starting forward.*) I'm all rapture—

Tan. To a lover who deserves the boon—(*he crosses GUISEPPO, and gives LAVINIA to MARCELLO.*) Speak, are all parties content?

Aur. I am too happy to object.

Tan. And you, Signor?

Guis. Hem! It's certainly very pleasant to have the furnishing of jointures for other men's wives—but really, I must say, that my estate—

(*PEREGRINO coughs louder—GUISEPPO eyes the packet, and makes a wry face.*)

Tan. Well, Signor, your estate?

Guis. Shall certainly be settled as you proposed; but, remember, she has no possession till after my decease.

Zan. I congratulate your ladyship upon your near fortune, and I hope you may come into full enjoyment of it before three months are out.

Guis. There's a Jezebel for you!

Tan. Hey! then, for a brace of weddings! Ah! ye cheerful and smiling rogues! well may you anticipate felicity—

*When wedlock's God would lasting honour claim,
His torch from Love's must snatch the purple flame;
Then truly is the marriage-bond divine,
When Hymen ministers at Cupid's shrine.*

FINALE.

- Aurêlio.* Hail! lov'd and lovely native shore!
Though foreign bonds are borne no more,
Yet, here by choice a slave again,
I cherish and adore my chain!
- Chorus.* At Hymen's shrine attending,
Be present each kind pow'r;
Care's course in marriage ending,
Love claims this midnight hour.
- Biandina.* Brave pomp of lordly man, adieu!
My female gear I don anew;
And though no more a cavalier,
As woman, trust to conquer—here.
- Chorus.* At Hymen's, &c. &c.
- Chymante.* To love and friendship, names divine!
This heart be still a votive shrine.
That sacred flame must deathless prove,
Which glows for Friendship, burns for Love!
- Chorus.* At Hymen's shrine attending,
Be present each kind pow'r;
Care's course in marriage ending,
Love claims this midnight hour.

FINIS.

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